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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 12, 1935
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Vol. CXL No. 1825 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 12 1935

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The Managers of the Orient Line announce below their programme of Cruises for 1935. First class passengers only will be carried. The new steamer "ORION" 24,000 tons will make her maiden cruise on August 14.

PROGRAMME 1935

Date	Ship	Days	From Gns.	Visiting
*April 18	'Orford'	22	37	To Naples, Athens, Port Said, Alexandria and Lisbon
May 4	'Orontes'	20	34	To Dalmatian Coast, Venice, Sicily, Northern Africa, etc.
May 11	'Orford'	20	34	To Constantinople, Athens, Sicily, etc.
May 25	'Orontes'	17	27	To Italy, Villefranche, Palma, Ceuta, etc.
June 1	'Orford'	16	25	To Madeira, Morocco, Barcelona, Palma and Lisbon.
June 7	'Orama'	21	32	To Constantinople, Athens, Rhodes, Sicily, etc.
June 29	'Orama'	14	21	To Atlantic Islands, Morocco, etc.
June 29	'Orontes'	13	20	To Norwegian Fjords and Arctic Circle.
July 13	'Orontes'	13	20	To Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Norwegian Fjords.
July 27	'Orontes'	13	20	To Bergen and Norwegian Fjords.
Aug. 10	'Orontes'	19	28	To Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Baltic Cities and Norwegian Fjords.
*Aug. 14	'Orion'	24	44	To Naples, Venice, Constantinople, Rhodes and Lisbon.
Aug. 31	'Orontes'	16	25	To Vigo, Lisbon, Palma, Villefranche, Barcelona and Casablanca.

*These cruises have been specially designed to comply with the modern demand for a longer stay at picked ports and more quiet days at sea.

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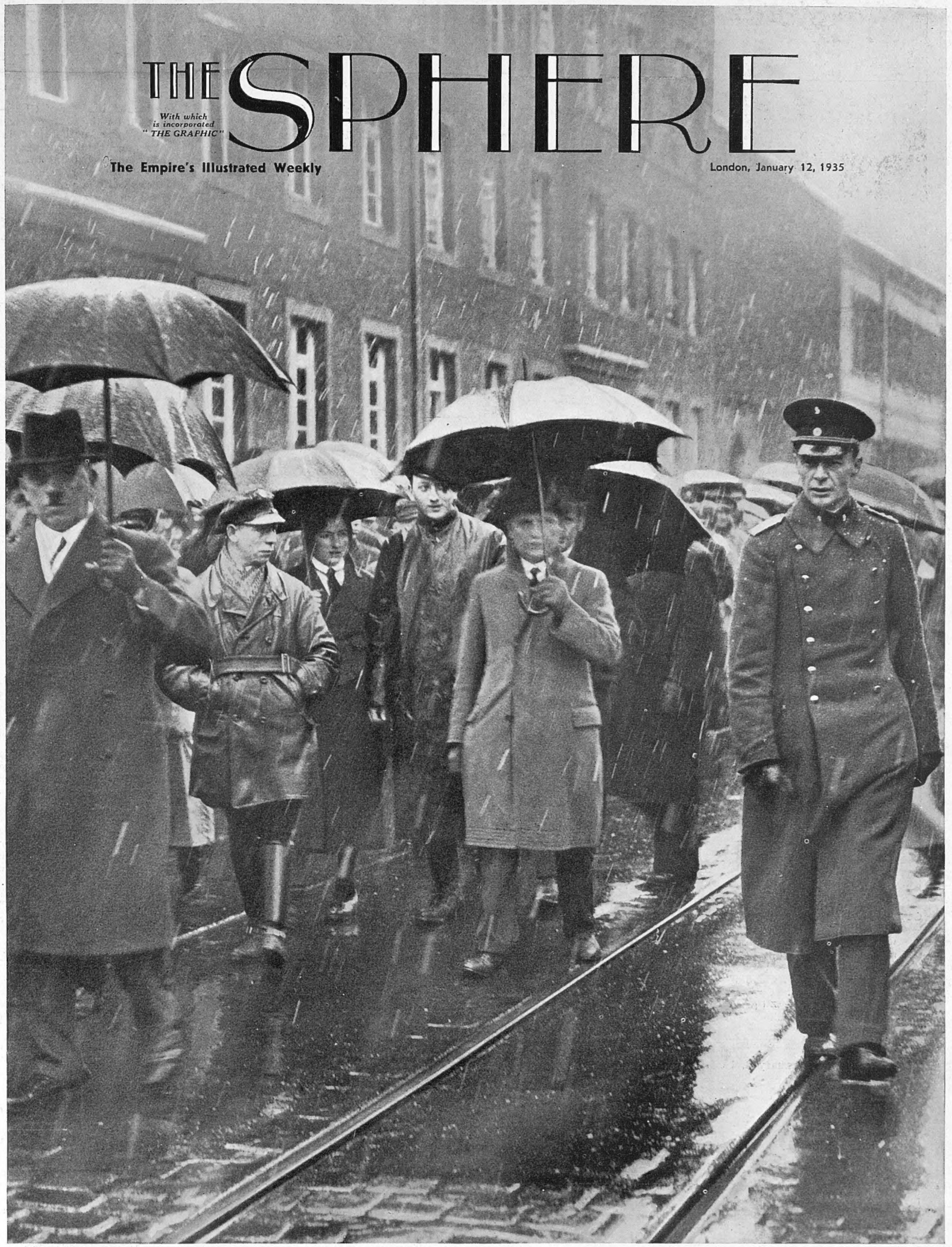
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 12, 1935



Rival Party Rallies in the Saar

Marching Through Snow and Sleet to an Open-Air Meeting

On January 13 the future of the Saar will be decided and, although it appears almost certain that the voting will be heavily in favour of Germany, interest in the plebiscite among the people of the territory continues at fever pitch. This picture was taken on Sunday last and shows Major Hennessey, D.S.O., M.C., the new chief of the International Police Force, personally directing marchers through the streets on the way to an open-air meeting. He had an extremely delicate task as both the Nazi Deutsche Front and the anti-Nazi Einheitsfront held rallies on the same day, and it was essential that the two factions should be kept as far apart as possible to prevent hostilities being anything more than vocal. In this he was completely successful, but he was probably aided to a certain extent by the weather which tended to damp the ardour of those walking in the procession

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CONTINUING THEIR HONEYMOON: Last Saturday the Duchess of Kent made her first flight when she travelled with the Duke from Croydon to Le Bourget. On the following day the Royal couple resumed their journey, and are seen here as they were about to leave Paris by train for Munich, where they are now staying with Countess Toerring, the Duchess's sister, and her husband. On January 14 they will probably go on to St. Moritz for the winter sports

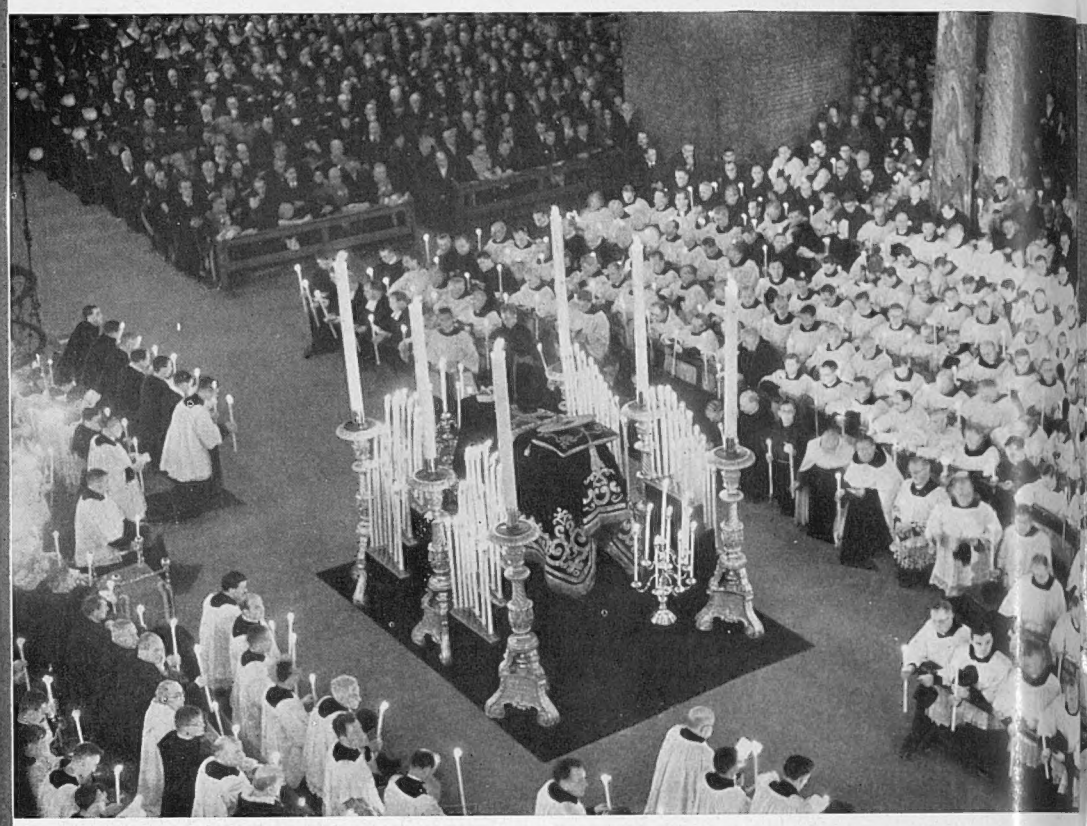
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 9, 1935.

THE MARCH ON ROME.

—Not since the War had a French Foreign Minister visited Rome. M. Laval's expressed intention of so doing had long been a joke in France. It became the equivalent of a "blue moon." Hence the news that Lars Porsena of Clusium was actually on the march to Rome was received with mingled pleasure and amazement. Clearly the long-distance telephone had worked wonders in restoring Franco-Italian accord. Something was settled before he started which guaranteed that he would not return empty-handed, and first prophecies that that something was more in the nature of a nice choice of words than a definitive agreement on specific action in regard to specific infringement of Austrian integrity, proved correct. France and Italy are broadly in agreement to uphold non-interference in the internal affairs of Austria and to take counsel and presumably diplomatic action against international terrorists. They have also reached agreement on some points in dispute between themselves in North Africa. In a word, one is at the moment more impressed by the proof of better relations between Italy and France than by proof of additional security obtained for Austria. Especially, since the agreement must be submitted to the other interested Powers, including Germany, Rumania, and Poland, and the present attitude of Germany remains non-committal and not very enthusiastic. M. Flandin and M. Laval will come to England after the League meeting on the 11th, when more will be heard and said regarding the Rome agreement and the year's programme of international negotiations. Meanwhile, the hopes of the year in regard to better relations in Europe are not dimmed. With Germany clearly all out to re-establish diplomatic relations with her neighbours and especially France; with French ministers "travelling in peace goods" once more; and with Britain, her diplomatic reputation never higher, standing in the background benignant and helpful, there seem good grounds for hope that the great Powers will come close enough together to quash the disturbance of European tranquillity through the jealousies and machinations of little States.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT ROMAN CATHOLIC LEADER: The impressive scene in Westminster Cathedral while the Archbishop of Cardiff was celebrating a Pontifical Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, who died on January 1 at the age of seventy-three. During the service the coffin, which was placed in the centre of the Sanctuary, was surrounded by candles and covered with a pall of black velvet richly embroidered with gold

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA.

—I have prosed on interminably about the need for co-ordinating, and breathing new life into, the National Government's propaganda organization. Clearly my importunacy has borne fruit. The three parties in the National Government have sent to the National Co-ordinating Committee their chief organizers—Sir Robert Topping (C.), Dr. Hunter (Nat. Lib.), and Mr. Spofforth (Nat. Lab.). They will work under the direction of the P.M.G., and will use the film and the poster as principal vehicles of Government propaganda. Already the new campaign is launched. Funds for this necessary purpose are being raised, and the campaign will go forward with new zest, definite direction, and reasonably assured unanimity. Some time ago an anonymous donor—probably myself, from the surplus profits of journalism—gave £10,000 to be spent on this useful purpose. He (? I) will be glad to learn that this sum has been spent already. He missed the splash of it, and hopes the new money will fall more observantly into the pond. This is welcome news. Mr. Baldwin has already given his first clarion call to action in his New Year's message to the Primrose League. The five years of political apathy so beloved by, and so fatal to, Conservatism are drawing to a close, and 1935 is to be (as all New Years are) a vital year. Mr. Baldwin says that the choice will be between construction and destruction. He says that Socialism has moved to the Left, and that what Sir Stafford Cripps has said, stands as the inevitable result of a Socialist victory at the General Election. My easy-minded friends pooh-pooh this, and declare that a Socialist minority Government is the worst that can come; that it will do no more than toy with the Crippsian programme, and that its return to power may prove no bad thing in the end. Myself, I think Mr. Baldwin is politically sound in crying havoc and loosing the dogs of propaganda. There is Mr. George also to be reckoned with. The Premier also has given one of his less muted clarion calls and robuster boosts.

BANG! BANGOR.

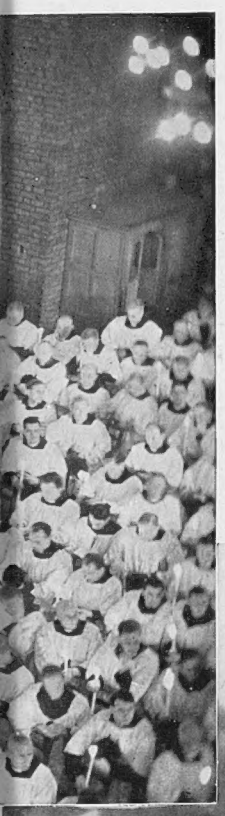
—Zero hour for the launching of Mr. Lloyd George's Recovery Plan campaign is fixed for January 17. It is to be staged at the Drill Hall, Bangor, a building whose size is the pride of North Wales, or one of the prides. The date fixed is Mr. George's seventy-second birthday. All of which gives rise to many interesting speculations. Firstly the nature of the New Deal. We know its broad lines; its modified nationalisation features; its great design for relieving unemployment with great reclamation, afforestation, and agricultural schemes. The successful farmer of Churt—so far removed from the amateur farmer who dropped agricultural bricks in Limehouse days—has taken agriculture under his wing and has plans to make every farmer in the country as notable a prize-winner as he. The scheme indeed as a whole is a masterpiece of political acumen by a master of the political chessboard. It improves on the best of the National programme and modifies the extremes of the Socialist Left. It is designed not to frighten the timidest Tory nor greatly to alienate the reddest Red. It is a New Deal which might conceivably win over any shade of opinion and catch any vote. Which brings us to Point 2. A voice crying in the wilderness may be heard but is very seldom attended to. The propagandist in the wilderness finds it necessary sooner or later to join up with one or other of the wandering guerilla tribes.

ANOTHER MIDLOTHIAN?

—Mr. George is in the political wilderness to-day, and, so long as he remains aloof, his New Deal is not worth more than an essay. Does he mean to attach himself to some wandering tribe? Does he intend to lead a political party once more? Is his age against him? On the latter question it is worth remembering the case of Mr. Gladstone and the Midlothian come-back. A man is as old as he feels. It is a question of internal fires. Mr. Lloyd George has of late proved in many ways that he retains some of the advantages and some of the frailties of extreme youth. He is as reckless as ever in stirring up trouble. Ever a fighter, he would obviously revel in one fight more. Fighting, indeed, is the very breath of life to him, be it in the nature of wordy back-chat or in the van of a political army with banners. For more than two years the idea has gained ground that he will return for the coming General Election to head a great following of moderate, but anti-National, Socialists, of a remnant of Liberalism, and an unknown force of dissatisfied Conservatives. Post-War experience of politics—*e.g.*, reaction against the Government in power, fashion for dictatorship, etc.—feeds the fancy and cries out that with followers behind him and one of his demagogic

nostrums printed in flaming letters on his banners he would have a good chance to sweep the country. Will Bangor be a flash in the pan—*vox et praeterea nihil?* Or will it be Bang—Bangor, the first shots in a great campaign to bring Mr. George back to place and power?

THE THUNDERER.—I add my small tribute of admiration and congratulation to *The Times* on the 150th anniversary of its foundation. *Jupiter tonans*—it is hard to remember that this dignified and honoured institution once thundered and spat fire and made brutal attacks on the characters of public men in the cause of party politics,



—*Jupiter tonans*, the king of daily newspapers, was once a little struggling baby, a little four-page infant born to John Walter I in 1785. The paper had its ups and downs. Its manners changed as public manners changed, and its present smooth, impartial and suave moderation did not dignify its youth. It lived quite a riotous youth, sowed its wild oats, beat the watch and painted the town red "in its hot youth when George the Third was King." Was not John Walter I imprisoned in 1790 for a gross libel on the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York? Under John Walter II and Thomas Barnes it laid the foundation of its present unchallengeable authority and excellence. I append one or two sidelights on *The Times* in its youth which perhaps escaped the eyes of its biographers. They show that even a public figure of portentous dignity and worth may have been a riotous youth long ago.

"Barnes (of *The Times*) who in the absence of Brougham always sends for me (wrote Creevey in 1823) tells me that the *Constitutional*, which is the leading opposition paper of France, has a sale of from 17,000 to 18,000, whilst *The Times*, which has the greatest of our English papers, amounts to only 7,000 per day."

1827.—"I have been called out by Barnes of *The Times*, who told me he had had a direct application . . . on behalf of the King, to give no more account of his private life at Brighton."

"Charles Greville and Lord Wharncliffe and I were very merry together last night upon the subject of a leading article in yesterday's *Times*—a puff of Brougham by himself claiming the solicitor-generalship for him as the one remaining man of talent in the country."

1831.—"Have you seen *The Times* . . . for the last three or four days? There is a systematic attack upon Grey and panegyrics upon Brougham . . . Grey is deeply impressed with the idea that these attacks come from Brougham himself . . . William Brougham, the younger brother, is a regular writer in *The Times*."

The biographers of *The Times* have produced a very notable and historically valuable biography. It is indeed the life story of high-class journalism, one and a half centuries of English political and social history exhaustively compiled. They have devoted considerable space to the extraordinary relations which existed between Barnes and Brougham before the latter attained to full political power and the quarrel sundered the relationship. But even now that relationship remains in part obscure, and while it so remains, it remains suggestive of an "earlier manner" in the conduct of our great and dignified institution, *The Times*, which has been very fittingly described as "the Gentleman of the Press." "The First Gentleman" is perhaps a fairer title to-day.

DENOUNCED.—One set back to a New Year of better things was foreseen and inevitable months ago. To speak of Japan's denunciation of the Washington Treaty as a bombshell is all my eye. To declare it a tragedy is reasonable enough. For after long years of futile attempts towards disarmament, this Treaty proved the sole exception to a record of failure. The thing is tragic enough. True, the Treaty remains in force for two years and the nations concerned promise to seek a formula, and Japan, naturally enough, having, as she is entitled to do, upset the apple cart, is loud in her promises and determination to put the apples back. But, coolly considered, the basis of a new agreement between Japan on one side and the United States and us on the other, is shadowy. The point of difference is wide and unbridgeable unless and until both sides moderate their fundamental principles. America and Britain adhere to the ratio principle. Those whose needs and responsibilities are greatest must definitely be allowed to build to a higher limit. Japan here and now repudiates the ratio principle and sees humiliation in being bound down to a lower limit in naval armament than the Western naval Powers. She is quite prepared for the lowest possible limit—she is "ready to halve her present naval strength"—but that limit must be common to all three Powers. Not to be reached necessarily in practice, but to be available as and when the need arises through increasing "responsibilities."

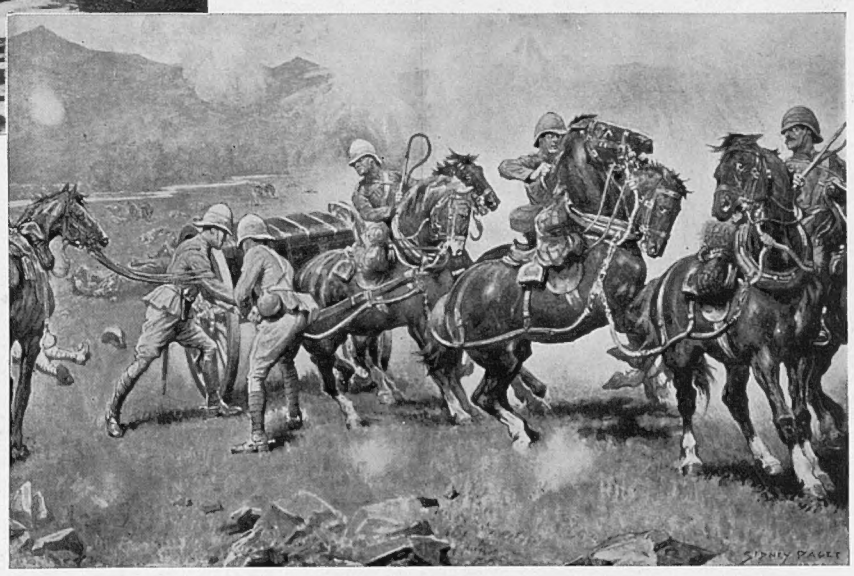
A MELANCHOLY CONCLUSION.—Now, the obvious conclusion is a gloomy one. Any limit which sanity and humanity could regard as "progress towards disarmament" must, if Japan and America and Britain are to be commonly bound under it, prove far below the danger margin for the two Western powers. Thus either a limit must be fixed which will show no advance to disarmament and will merely give Japan the right to build up to our present strength, or else we must persuade Japan to compromise on the ratio principle and accept it, as modified, at least for another term of years. I do not believe she will do it. In the present state of the world, neither America nor Britain dare to bring their naval armaments down to Japan's present level. Ergo, an improved or even restored Washington agreement is not even on the cards. The best hope of some sort of salvation and sanity in the armament race lies in some kind of convention between the three to abolish or reduce "offensive" as opposed to "defensive" naval arms; to base the new talks on defensive responsibility solely and to hope that Japan may see that for another decade at least, Britain and America have clearly far heavier defensive responsibilities than she.

RECORDS AGAIN.—Record drought and sunshine were followed at the end of the year by records of rainfall and sunlessness. It is records all the way with our British weather nowadays. (Query: are these cycles indeed abnormal, or is it merely that Press and Wireless grow every year more pervading and talkative? If you read Gilbert White, you discover that similar "abnormalities" were suffered in silence, or very quietly recorded in his day.) Gilbert White, who lived near my home, would have recorded unsensationally apropos the present long spell of mild weather that on January 3 the dawn chorus of garden birds was first heard, and was as full and loud as on a mild fine, February morning. [O divine (if false) dawn!] That last autumn's nasturtium seeds are in full leaf and even bud. That roses and primroses bloom merrily. That grass is as green as in May.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.—A notable birthday of the week was that of Sir Herbert Maxwell, who reached the age of 90 on January 8. To reach the age of 90 is in these days no remarkable feat, but to reach 90 with one's energy and enthusiasms quite unimpaired, one's faculties as efficient as ever, one's ability to get through a mass of public work, literary work, and business engagements in no way diminished; that is a notable achievement, and Sir Herbert adds it to his list of achievements. He was born in 1845, and was educated at Eton and Christchurch. He inherited an ancient title and broad acres in Wigtownshire, of which county he has long been Lord Lieutenant. Archæologist, antiquarian, historian, biographer, sportsman, naturalist, he has written innumerable books on all these subjects. His *Memories of the Months* are, perhaps, the latest publications by which the reading public remember him. His most famous publication was, no doubt, the two volumes of *The Creevey Papers*, which first appeared in 1904, and took the town by storm. I believe the unearthing of Creevey was due to that peculiarly British institution—a hopeless and relentlessly wet day. He was staying at the Northumberland home of Mrs. Blackett-Ord and his notice having been called to the vast bundles of dusty manuscripts, preserved by Creevey's step-daughter and long stored away in an attic, he then and there began to turn some of the papers over and skim their contents. A year or two later, Creevey "staged his comeback" before an enthusiastic audience of Edwardians. Since then he has given no notice of farewell. Ninety years cover a mass of English history and social changes dated back from 1935. Sir Herbert—incredible as it seems—was only by seven years divided from Creevey in the flesh. But books were not Sir Herbert's sole or even chief pre-occupation. He has been in the Government, sat on many Royal commissions, presided over many societies and bodies. He is F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., and was recently created a K.T., an honour also enjoyed by his son-in-law.

THE OLD STAGER.

SOMERSET SUBMERGED: Taking the children to school by boat along what was once a lane. A picture taken at Burrowbridge, near Bridgwater—a district that has suffered severely from the floods resulting from the recent torrential rains



HOW LORD ROBERTS' SON WENT OUT TO RESCUE THE ABANDONED GUNS AT COLENSO: A sketch recalling one of the outstanding acts of heroism in the Boer War, which was published in the first issue of "The Sphere" in January, 1900

While this journal is celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary its distinguished contemporary "The Times," has just completed its 150th year of publication, a feat unique in the annals of daily journalism, and one to which we hasten to pay tribute. In "The Times" anniversary number, which constitutes a remarkable historical survey of the Press, an article is included on the subject of "News in Illustrations," and in it numerous references are made to "The Graphic," the paper which is now incorporated with THE SPHERE, *and which was one of the pioneers among illustrated newspapers. Interestingly enough, "The Graphic" and* THE SPHERE *both came into public prominence as a result of wars; the former achieving distinction for the manner in which it reported the Franco-German War of 1870, and the latter for the many dramatic drawings which it published from correspondents taking part in the South African Campaign at the beginning of the present century*

PROGRESS OF THE "QUEEN MARY": A view of the giant Cunard where her machinery is being installed and her cabins and publi of her boat davits she hardly differs at all in outward appearanc recent reports, work on her is well advanced and she

ROYAL VISITORS AT ST. MORITZ: The King and Queen of the Belgians are enjoying a much needed holiday at the famous Swiss resort. They have been out on the ski-ing slopes practically every day. Queen Astrid (wearing glasses) is the second figure from the right, and also in the picture is her seven-year-old daughter, Princess Josephine

A FLYING VISIT TO THE NEAR EAST: The forty-two seater air week to attend the opening by King Ghazi of the desert pipe-lines carry the crude oil from Kirkuk to the Mediterranean ports of their friends in front of the 'plane a few moments

PASSING PAGEANT: Home and Foreign News of the Week

White Star liner in the fitting-out basin on the Clyde. rooms are being built and decorated. With the exception since the day of her launching last year, but, according t certain to be ready for her maiden voyage early in 1936

VOTES IN ADVANCE: Although the Saar plebiscite does not begin officially until January 13, members of the police force, transport workers, hospital attendants, and all those who will be on duty on that day were given an opportunity to record their votes last Sunday. This picture was taken at the Nauwieser School in Saarbrücken, and shows a constable having his sealed ballot paper placed in a steel strong box. Everything possible was done to make the polling absolutely secret, and anyone in the building who gave the slightest intimation of his political opinions was immediately disqualified from participating

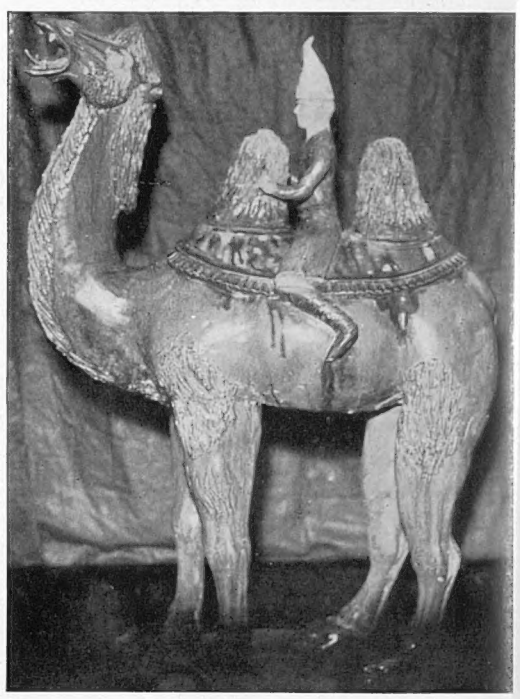
liner, *Syrinx*, which took a large party out to Iraq this of the Iraq Petroleum Company, which have been built to Tripoli and Haifa. Some of the passengers are seen with before leaving Croydon. (*See also p.* 46)

ANTI-NAZIS: A section of the vast crowd of 50,000, members of the organization known as the Einheitsfront, who attended an open-air meeting outside Saarbrücken last Sunday when Herr Metz Braun delivered a last stirring plea for "a vote against Hitler" in the plebiscite which would "thus hold the Saar as a last refuge of freedom for the German people"

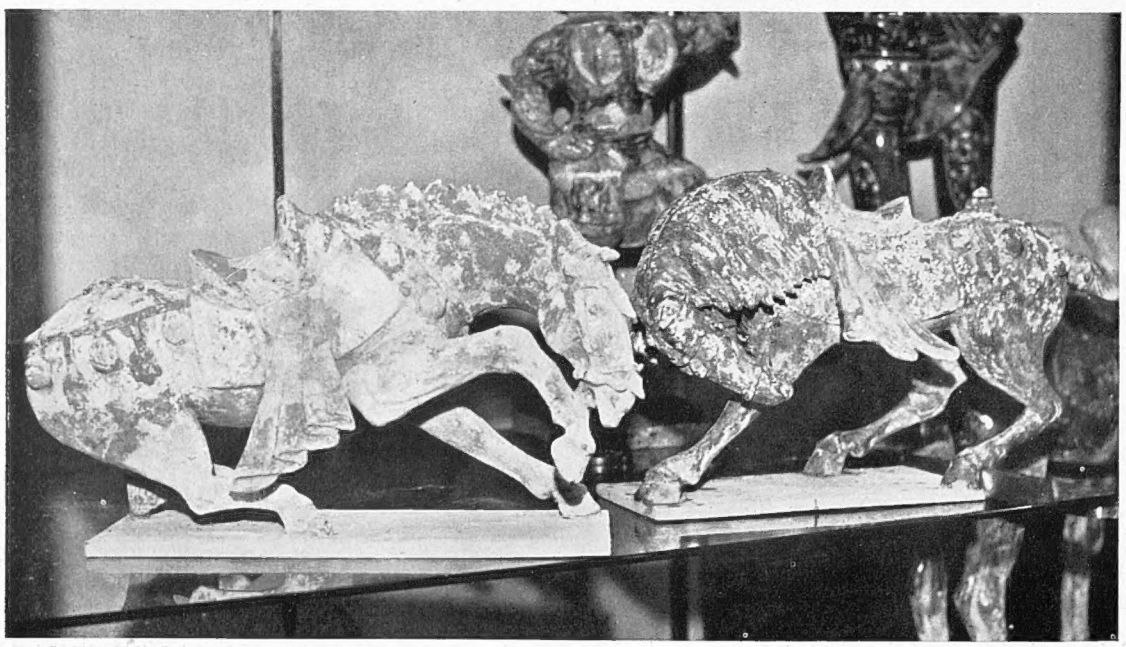
THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION

Priceless Treasures of Chinese Art Purchased for £100,000

A CONNOISSEUR'S LOSS, THE NATION'S GAIN: *Left*—Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, the noted collector, watching the packing of some of his treasures at his Chelsea home. He has sold his whole collection, which took him thirty years to gather together and which is probably the best-known and most extensive group of Far Eastern works of art in the world, for £100,000—a price stated to be far below that which would have been fetched on the open market. *Right*—Mr. R. L. Hobson, Keeper of Oriental Antiquities, superintending the unpacking of ceramics of the T'ang dynasty after they had been delivered at the British Museum



THREE GEMS: *Left*—A figure taken from the tomb of a Chinaman who died over 2,500 years ago. *Centre*—The Assistant Keeper of the Oriental Department of the British Museum holding the celebrated Owl Cup—one of the outstanding bronzes in the collection. It belongs to the Chou Period (1200-250 B.C.). *Right*—A beautiful example of glazed pottery of the T'ang dynasty



HORSES IN COMBAT: Two of the thousand or more specimens of pottery, all of the finest quality and the greatest rarity, which have passed into the ceramic collections of the nation as a result of Mr. Eumorfopoulos' generosity in allowing his treasures to be purchased at such a moderate price

The announcement that the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the assistance of the ever-helpful National Art Collections Fund, have taken joint action to secure the Chinese collection of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos has caused intense gratification in art circles, and it is safe to say that these treasures are the most important that have been acquired for the nation during the present century. Mr. Eumorfopoulos, who is an English-born Greek merchant, has not only devoted his wealth, but his knowledge and his taste, to gathering these works together, and he has never bought anything that was not one of the finest existing examples of its kind. The metal work in the collection includes a number of famous pieces of the first millenium B.C., as well as a splendid series of mirrors and an unrivalled number of gold and silver ornaments. The ceramics, if possible, are even more impressive, the principal items being pottery of the T'ang dynasty and Sung porcelain which, if allowed to go into the sale rooms, would undoubtedly realize record prices

Mid-Season in the Hunting Field

ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING: While foot-and-mouth disease and fog have conspired to interfere with sport in some parts of England, conditions on the whole have been highly satisfactory and far and away better than they were this time last year when hard going resulted in one of the worst seasons on record. This picture was taken after a recent meet of the Essex at Pleshey, near Chelmsford, and shows the pack moving off to draw the first covert

"HOUNDS, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE": A scene of congestion at a meet of the Fernie at Evington, near Leicester, on January 4. During the day the pack gave a magnificent display, and killed in the open after a fast run of 85 min. through the northern part of the country. In the late afternoon there was another very good hunt which came to a premature end when hounds had to be stopped at dusk

THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER IN THE ITALIAN CAPITAL: M. Laval (third from right) seen during his visit to Rome this week when he had a series of conversations with Signor Mussolini which ended in an agreement which it seems certain will make for increased stability in European affairs and particularly in the countries bordering the Danube

Peace on the Danube

France and Italy Pave the Way

M. Laval and Signor Mussolini have just concluded in Rome an historic agreement whereby France and Italy, with the blessing of Britain, will invite the States of the Danubian region to join in a pact for the preservation of Austrian independence.

Such a general agreement has long been felt necessary if Austria was not to become the cockpit of rival German and Italian aspirations, but the main obstacle to its conclusion, which has now been overcome, has until now been the difficulty in bridging the gulf between Italy's friends, Austria and Hungary, which are treaty revisionist States, and France's friends of the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia) which stand for the preservation of the *status quo* of the Peace Treaties.

Now that agreement has been reached between the principals, France and Italy, the wider agreement between the two camps amongst the Danubian States is now assured, and an important task in the preservation of European peace accomplished.

The Little Entente is the most powerful grouping of States in the regions of the Danube and the Balkans which once comprised the greater part of the pre-War Austro-Hungarian Empire.

It came into existence when a series of treaties was signed between April and August 1920 by Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, each of which countries agreed to have a close political understanding, backed by military agreements, for the purpose of defending their newly-won national liberties against any attempt at a revival of the Habsburg Monarchy or any attack on their territorial integrity.

In the course of time, the growth of the Hungarian campaign, supported by Italy, for a revision of the Peace Treaties, caused the three States to draw even closer together, and a few years ago they converted their already close relations into a system whereby, whilst retaining to the full their individual existence, they became between them virtually a new Great Power.

This new system, which was embodied in a Statute, created a common Council, composed of the Foreign Ministers of the three States, and a common Secretariat, the latter installed at Geneva. A close collaboration in political, economic, and military matters was subsequently worked out.

The three together, in point of population, economic resource, political influence, and military potentiality, constitute a new and powerful factor in the European balance of power.

Europe recently witnessed the spectacle of this system in political operation, when, at Geneva last month, the Foreign Ministers of Rumania and Czechoslovakia, MM. Titulesco and Benes respectively, supported M. Yevtitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, when Yugoslavia accused Hungary at the League of complicity in the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles.

The leaders of the Little Entente, in the person of the three Foreign Ministers, present an interesting diversity of type.

Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, short, wiry, energetic, is, perhaps, one of the greatest authorities in Europe on the League of Nations. A fervent friend and ally of France, he is at the same time an admirer of Britain, and believes that Anglo-French co-operation can preserve the peace of Europe. He once outlined to me his scheme for the solution of the Danubian problem in general and the Austrian problem in particular. It showed him to be a man of long vision, for his plan, in essence, was the bringing together again in economic collaboration and political *détente* of the one-time component parts of the old Habsburg Monarchy, whilst retaining for each State its own sovereign and political individuality. It was, he explained, an extension of the idea behind the new Statute of the Little Entente. There is a good deal of Dr. Benes's idea in the new Plan which has just been evolved in Rome between M. Laval and Signor Mussolini.

M. Titulesco is of a different stamp. Brilliant, subtle, and a forceful fighter for the letter of the law in regard to the Peace Treaties, he has not the wide vision of Dr. Benes. But he is a force to reckon with in European affairs and at Geneva.

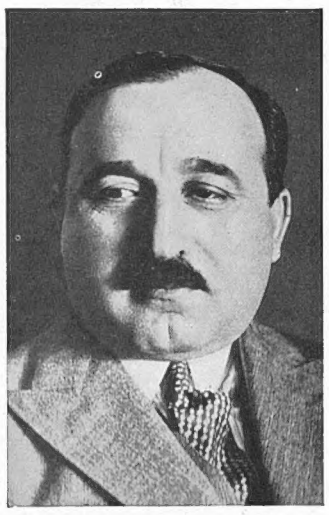
The Yugoslav representative, M. Yevtitch, who is now Premier, is different from both Dr. Benes and M. Titulesco.

Unlike his Czechoslovak and Rumanian colleagues, who are given to frequent public statements of policy, M. Yevtitch believes that actions speak more effectively than words. When he does make a public declaration, however, it is generally a very effective one, as, for instance, when he declared not long ago, apropos alleged plans for restoring the Habsburg Monarchy: "We Serbs beat the reality of the Habsburg Empire in the war; we have no reason now to be frightened by its ghost."

I met M. Yevtitch in Belgrade, and again in London when he was here for an International Conference. He is a man of conciliatory ideas, who is sufficiently sure of his purpose to afford to be calm and persuasive in his manner. He spoke to me with quiet confidence about the future of his country and the general part which he felt the Little Entente could play in the work of maintaining peace in Europe.

The Little Entente, by its alliances with France, has frequently been alluded to as the satellite of that country, or as the Danubian tail wagged by the French dog. More recently it has been regarded as the Danubian tail which wags the French dog. Neither description is really accurate. France and the Little Entente have common interests in defence of the *status quo*, and frequently work together, but as often they pursue independent lines of action.

"UNITY IS STRENGTH": A sketch map showing the relative positions of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia; the three countries forming the Little Entente, and the most powerful group of States in the region of the Danube



THE LEADERS OF THE LITTLE ENTENTE: *Left*—M. Yevtitch, the Yugoslavian Premier and Foreign Minister. *Centre*—M. Benes, of Czechoslovakia, who was one of the prime movers in the formation of the entente in 1920 and who has always been an ardent supporter of the League of Nations. *Right*—M. Titulesco, the Rumanian Foreign Minister

It is certainly one of the best auguries for European consolidation and pacification that in the erstwhile divided and troubled regions of the Danube and the Balkans, such former rivals as France, Italy, the Little Entente and Austria and Hungary are agreeable to joining in a common pact for the preservation of peace. In this respect, at all events, the New Year has opened with the prospects of a calmer and a saner Europe.

C. F. Melville

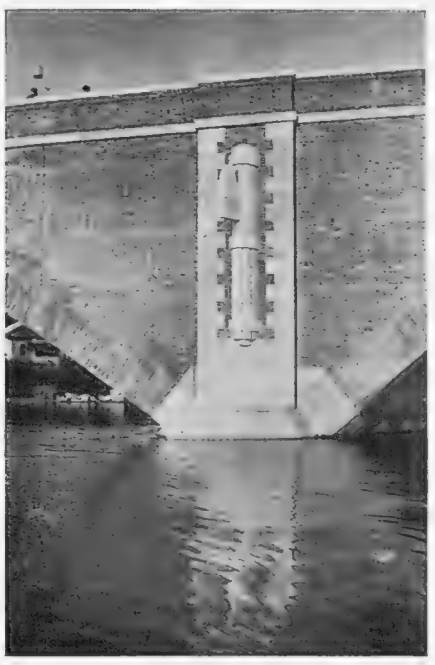
SPANNING THE GRAND CANAL: The Scalzi Bridge, one of fourteen new and much-needed structures erected in various parts of the city during the past two-and-a-half years. Through the slender and beautifully designed arch can be seen the ugly bridge which, though intended for only temporary use, has for seventy years disfigured this reach of the Canal. It is now being demolished

A WORTHY ADDITION: Another view of the Scalzi Bridge, the first permanent structure to be built across the Grand Canal since Giovanni Contino finished the Rialto nearly 350 years ago. The laying of the foundations gave great trouble, and many hundreds of wooden piles had to be driven into the treacherous sand, mud, and clay before stability could be ensured

NEW BRIDGES IN VENICE

Pleasing Examples of Architecture in the Traditional Style

THE CANALE NUOVO, which has been opened for motor boat traffic only, and which provides a short cut to the centre of the city for those who have parked their cars in the new garage at the end of the Auto Bridge



UBIQUITOUS SYMBOL OF THE REGIME: The Fascist sign adorning the central pier of the recently completed Auto Bridge connecting Venice with the mainland

Oil from the Arabian Desert

The Completion of the Iraq Pipe Line which is to be Formally Opened by the King of Iraq Next Week

READY FOR "PULLING": When the pipe-line connecting the Kirkuk oil fields with Haifa, Palestine, was completed it was found necessary to extend the line for a mile out to sea as it was not possible for tankers to come closer inshore on account of the shallowness of the water. This picture shows the pipe, ready assembled, a few minutes before it was towed out by a vessel. The sea end of the pipe is attached to a flexible hose, marked by a buoy, this hose being hoisted aboard the oil tankers when they come to Haifa for their supplies

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: Another view taken during the "pulling" operations at Haifa, showing how the pipe was mounted on trolleys on a miniature railway

A GATHERING STATION which removes a proportion of the gases from the oil before it is pumped along the line to the coast

ROUGH GOING: Transporting pipes across the desert on a giant lorry

The story of Iraq oil is in reality as old as time, although it will not be until next week that the young King of Iraq will formally open the pipe-line along which the oil from his country is being transported to its twin terminals on the Mediterranean and thence by tankers to the refineries and markets of the West.

Six thousand years ago the inhabitants of the country now called Iraq were using bituminous mortar, derived locally. In the structures of Babylon, pitch, as is known from Herodotus, was extensively used, and the substance is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament.

There is romance in this. But if the ancients knew something about taking the "S" out of their soil, they knew nothing about transporting the commodity.

Our age is accustomed to triumphs of engineering, yet, even to it, the construction by the Iraq Petroleum Company of a pipe-line from the heart of the middle-east—Kirkuk is north of Baghdad up towards the Kurdish hills—across the inhospitable desert, innocent alike of roads and water, to the shores of Western Asia, must appear as something wonderful. This line, 1,150 miles long, is in fact one of the most marvellous victories of man over nature that the twentieth century has to show.

The I.P.C., which holds a concession from the Iraq Government for the exploitation of an area of about 30,000 square miles east of the Tigris, is an international organization consisting mainly of British, American, French, and Dutch interests. Its chairman (Sir John Cadman, chairman also of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company), is, and must always be, British. It undertook to complete a pipe-line system to the Mediterranean of a capacity of not less than 3,000,000 tons of oil per annum, before December 31, 1935. Actually, the line, by which some 4,000,000 tons will be annually exported, was in full working order before the end of 1934, and oil has already been taken away in tankers from the two terminals at Tripoli in Syria and Haifa in Palestine. Millions of pounds sterling have been spent by the Company on this colossal task.

The Syrian Desert through which the line had to pass is by no means of a uniform character. In view of the fact that the extremes of heat and cold experienced in this desert made burying of the pipe a necessity, to prevent contraction and expansion, the nature of the soil became of paramount importance. This varied from sheer rock, which necessitated extensive blasting, to sandy soil, where the ditching machines could operate with some speed. But without check this vast work of making a trench, of welding the seamless steel lengths of pipe, of treating them with enamel and asbestos to prevent corrosion from the salts in the soil, and finally of burying the whole pipe out of sight, went on, and, except at the pumping stations which are situated along the route at distances varying from some 50 to 130 miles, the whole 1,150 miles of tubing is an unbroken length.

Long pipe-lines are no unfamiliar feature of American life, but in the Old World the construction of this, the longest desert pipe-line in the world, is an event of considerable import. The experts suggest, moreover, that in the Kirkuk fields is one of the richest reservoirs of oil yet discovered. Certain it is that the geologists' reports must have been extraordinarily favourable to justify a total expenditure of many millions before even a drop of oil was exported.

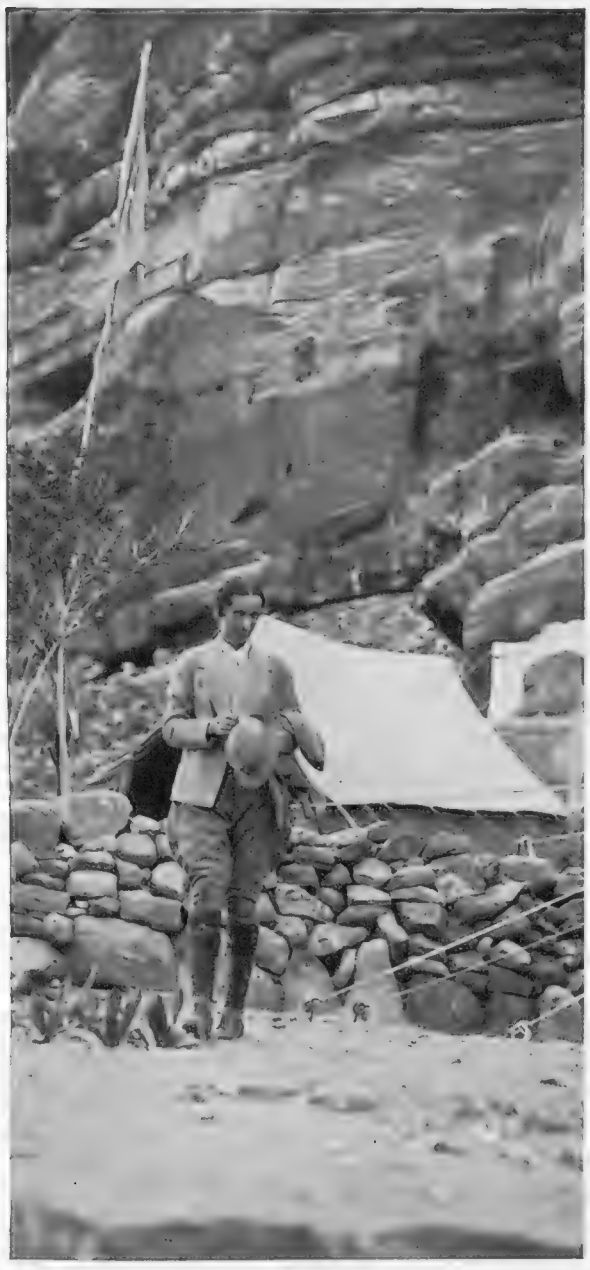
Actually, this pipe-line holds out high hopes for the oil industry as a whole, not merely for the sake of Iraq oil. For it was achieved by such a perfect example of international co-operation—a thing towards which the better brains in the oil industry have been steadfastly striving, although they have not yet realized full success—as Geneva itself might well study! In the construction work Europeans have worked wholeheartedly with Americans, and the various Asiatic races, who provided most of the labour, with one another. That the gigantic task was achieved without a hitch, without even a brawl among peoples whose religious and racial backgrounds often have provided inflammatory material, argues very clever supervision by the I.P.C. officials.

Kenneth Williams

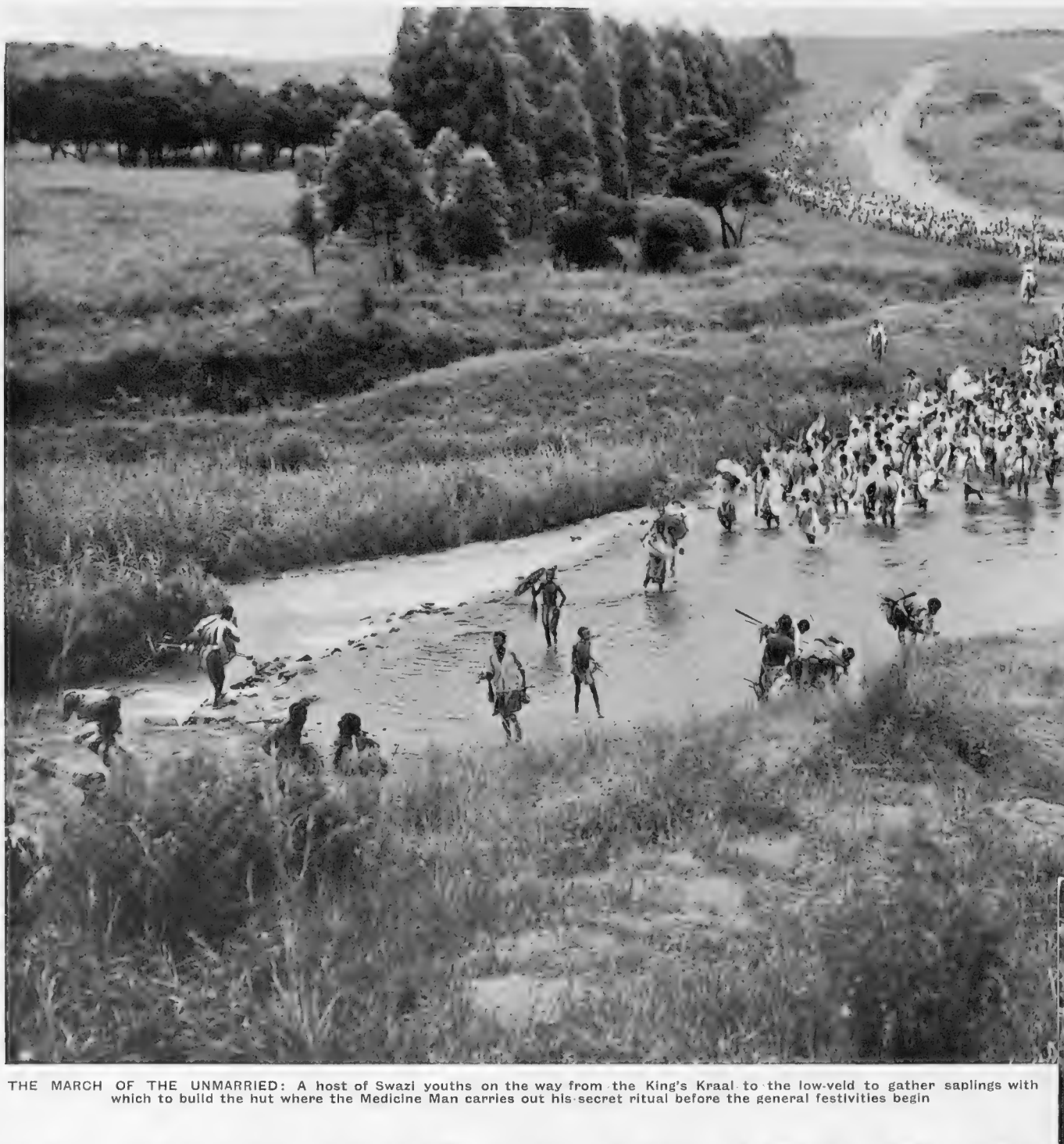
A ROYAL TOUR OF THE NEAR EAST

Prince Gustaf Adolf at Petra and in Palestine

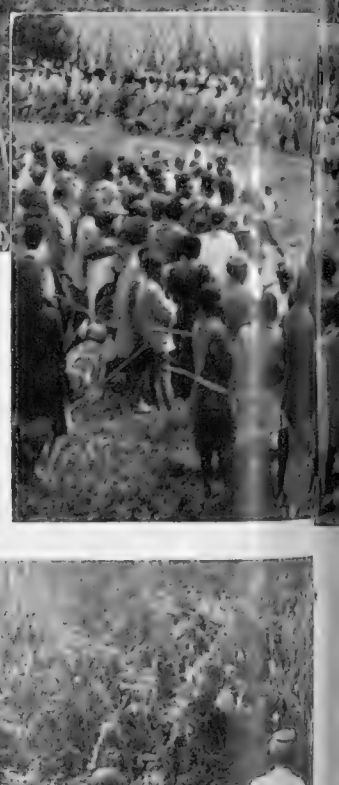
THE HEIR TO THE SWEDISH THRONE IN THE HOLY LAND: *Left*—Prince Gustaf Adolf, accompanied by the Archimandrite Kyrikos, inspecting the newly-repaired roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This historic shrine, which a short while ago was in imminent danger of collapse, is believed by many to cover the site both of the crucifixion and the burial of Christ. *Right*—The Prince stooping to pass through the narrow doorway of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. The custodians reduced the opening to its present dimensions during the time of the Turkish occupation of Palestine in an effort to prevent their tyrannical and anti-Christian overlords from housing their cattle in the sacred building



IN THE ROSE RED CITY: Two pictures taken at Petra where the Royal party camped out during its stay. *Left*—The Crown Princess, who before her marriage in 1923 was Lady Louise Mountbatten, seen outside her tent. *Right*—Inspecting the rock-hewn treasury of Pharaoh, the most elaborate of the ruins



THE MARCH OF THE UNMARRIED: A host of Swazi youths on the way from the King's Kraal to the low-veld to gather saplings with which to build the hut where the Medicine Man carries out his secret ritual before the general festivities begin



THE SWAZI FEAST OF THE FIRST FRUITS

Strange Ceremonies which Take Place in the First Week of January — When a Black Ox is Trampled to Death by Native Youths

At the beginning of each year the Swazi nation gives itself up to the annual "incwala" ceremony. Last year I went there to witness it. When I arrived at Mbabane, the administrative capital of Swaziland, they told me that Chief Vanyana, Hereditary Master of Tribal Ceremonies, had returned to the Royal kraal with his escort after a long walk to Mozambique to fetch sea-water. He carried the water in a calabash, which was filled before sunrise to the accompaniment of ancient songs. His return signalized the beginning of Swaziland's Feast of the First Fruits at the season of the harvest moon. Covered by the skin and gall-bladder of a black beast specially sacrificed for this purpose, the calabash was placed in a secret hut in a large cattle kraal in which sacred rites were performed preparatory to junketings in which the whole Swazi nation was to participate directly or indirectly.

SOBHUZA II: The paramount chief of the Swazi nation in full ceremonial dress

Paramount Chief Sobhuza and his mother, in whose village tradition demands that this festival shall be held, made elaborate preparations for this great occasion, and thousands of Swazi warriors dressed in all their savage finery and girls from far-flung villages were encamped on the hillside as both spectators and participants in the various ceremonies.

When I got to the Queen-Mother's village the secret hut was being built by unmarried men who had just returned from the low-veld, where they had collected branches of the "lusekwane" tree. Streaming back by the light of the moon, they rushed to the Royal cattle kraal at sunrise, and, dumping their branches in a heap, they performed a dance and sang lustily. King Sobhuza joining in joyously. Thereafter piccanins scoured the surrounding countryside for leaves with which they filled in all gaps in the secret hut built of the "lusekwane" branches The King and his medicine man, Vanyana, then entered the hut to go through an inherited ritual with the sea-water, special herbs, mealies, and gourds.

These ceremonies, which take place as the old moon dies and the new moon is born, constitute one of the greatest spectacles savage Africa nowadays stages. They are not in the slightest detail influenced by ideas imparted with European religion and culture, but remain intact, with all their superstitions and barbaric grandeur.

BUILDING THE MEDICINE MAN'S HUT with the branches of the Lusekwane tree collected by the youths of the tribe

On the third day the festival reached a dramatic climax at sunset, when a black ox suffered one of the strangest ceremonial deaths in the world. To a chorus of dancing regiments, uniformed with leopard skins and "sakabula" feathers, about 200 striplings, unarmed and bare from the waist up, hurled themselves on a black ox and trampled out its life as they chanted to their king.

This so-called bull fight took place in the

BARBARIC SPLENDOUR: Warriors taking part in one of their traditional dances in the cattle kraal of the Queen Mother's village on the fourth day of the Feast of the First Fruits

Thus by symbols not obvious to the European and even vague to the Swazi, the authority of the king was once more proved, the valour of the rising generation established, and the end of another year fittingly marked.

The next day the Queen-Mother's village became a large and intensely busy beauty parlour as the "incwala" ceremonies of the afternoon demanded an elaborate toilet for the women.

At sunrise the warriors bathed in the river rushing through the valley below the village, which is built on rising ground in the midst of stone-crested hills; and from then till the early afternoon they were engaged in cleaning and curling the feathers of their headgear, combing their mantles of white ox tails, washing and smoothing out their kilts of coloured cloth and leopard skins.

In separate kraals consisting of new beehive huts partitioned by high reed fences into family suites complete with kitchen, the women indulged in beauty culture for a period of eight hours. Lying and kneeling on mats, they massaged their faces with green vegetable pulp, trimmed and polished their long, well-shaped finger-nails, washed and repacked their foot-high towers of hair, and draped themselves from shoulder to ankle in loose, gaily coloured wraps.

With mirror in hand, both men and women put the finishing touches to their adornment, the men carefully sticking small red and blue feathers on their foreheads and into their hair, while the women arranged beaded hairpins about their ears at carefully calculated angles and put on brilliant necklaces and ear-rings. Everywhere in the scattered village the mirrors, as they were turned anxiously first this way and then that, flashed like helios in the sun. And from all points of this vast and busy beauty parlour a tumult of gossip and laughter went up.

At last the sound of horns summoned the warriors into the large cattle kraal, where they formed up in long lines and began chanting special songs which must not be heard on any other occasion, dancing to and fro and brandishing their fighting sticks in the air With their oxhide shields, their leopard kilts, and their massive headgear of ostrich feathers, they presented a spectacle of barbaric splendour

After an hour had passed the wives of Sobhuza filed from the large huts of their Royal mother-in-law, who disciplines them to a set of rigid rules Thirty in number, these wives were attractively clad in black ox skins rubbed to the softness of kid, and each carried a long thin white wand in her right hand. Between the secret hut of green leaves in which Vanyana, the medicine-man, was busy, and the line of prancing warriors, they advanced and retreated, swaying rhythmically, singing, and with a jerk of the wrist making their long wands tremble above their heads. Gradually the Swazi spectators packed themselves into the cattle kraal, which is surrounded by an unusually high palisade of roughly trimmed trees. All the colours of the rainbow flowed in the oval-shaped arena and several thousands of reeds and rods were raised aloft by the massed women, who jerked them into a tremble timed to the tremble of the wands waved by the king's wives.

This quivering scene was suddenly disturbed by a sound like whistling rockets. The warriors had caught sight of Sobhuza and this was their salute to him. He was dressed elaborately like his men, only his mantle was composed of black oxtails and a long scarlet feather was stuck into his wind-tossed sakabula headgear. Lifting his shield fashioned from a black and white ox hide, the chief, an impressive figure, slowly began to dance. The chanting at once took on a new note of enthusiasm.

In the late afternoon jagged lightning flashed, thunder pealed and rain poured down, but the weather in no way interfered with the proceedings. Sobhuza went into his secret hut to strip and be anointed by Vanyana with the sea-water he had fetched from Mozambique and to eat the first fruits. Having tasted from a gourd, he danced out into the open, now clad in river rushes and with his face hidden behind a mask of feathers.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO AN ELABORATE TOILET: Swazi women having their foot-high towers of hair put in order for the festivities

The warriors massed about him and he tossed the gourd among them. Three times he danced out in this way from the secret hut into the kraal to distribute the tasted first fruits and thus signify that the new season's crops may now be partaken of by the tribe.

On the fifth day noisy rejoicing was replaced by silence in the village of the "Queen Elephant," for the warrior guests and their womenfolk scattered themselves in the royal farm lands and occupied themselves in weeding.

In the village itself a curious quiet prevailed while Chief Sobhuza and his Master of Ceremonies, Vanyana, were restricted to the huts of chosen wives.

On the sixth day the festival came to an end. For the grand finale the cattle kraal at the Queen-Mother's village was packed densely with a rejoicing throng of men, women and children, who surged from palisade to palisade in a ceaseless dance.

The final series of songs, which included the Swazi national anthem, went on all day. The main interest was focused on the bones of the black ox which had been sacrificed. These, together with a portion of the gourd which Chief Sobhuza had flung to his regiments were heaped among the embers of a fire lit by the indunas in the centre of the cattle kraal.

A white column of sacrificial smoke rose slowly into the sky of Swaziland's gods, while Chief Sobhuza, dressed again in his skins and feathers, danced on the churned-up mud in the midst of his people. And, as it was supposed to, rain fell obediently!

As I motored back to the Transvaal during the next day the warriors could be seen marching home along a hundred-and-one footpaths which link up Swaziland's scattered villages. With them went their women contentedly carrying food and bed-mats while their lords and masters gesticulated with their fighting sticks, as they told of the important part they had played in the week's festival.

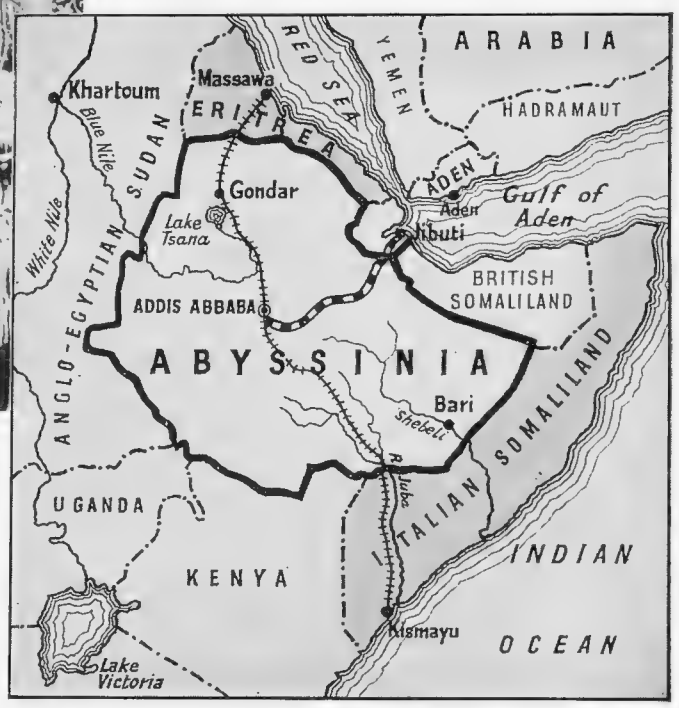
Julian Mockford

SHALL MUSSOLINI DEVELOP ABYSSINIA?

The Future of the Last Big-Scale Area of the African Continent which up to Now has Remained Outside the White Man's Sphere of Influence

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA: His Imperial Majesty Haill Silassie I, an enlightened monarch who, in his attempt to westernize the institutions of his country, has met with considerable opposition from a large and powerful section of the nobility and priesthood



A POTENTIAL CENTRE OF DISTURBANCE: A sketch map showing the position of Abyssinia in relation to her Italian neighbours in Eritrea and Somaliland. It will be noted that the country has no outlet to the sea, except via the French port of Jibuti

"Italy is known to be expansively minded in regard to her African colonies, but her main interests are in Libya and Tripoli, and the idea that the French and Italians are engaged in any sort of a plot to divide up Abyssinia, or any part of it, may be dismissed at once as a wild chimera."

The above is taken from a leading article in our second, or is it our third, most influential daily newspaper. With all due regard, the correct answer to it is contained in the headline I have given to this article.

In point of fact, while it may be official British policy at the moment to sit on the fence, preferring to notice little or nothing of what is in the air and outwardly trusting that the good (and malleable) offices of the League may settle everything in the long run, the Ethiopian Empire is about to pose a problem of first-class moral and material importance in the modern world. That problem resolves itself roundly into the following:—

If a balance making for transcending European peace can thereby be struck, shall the sovereign and treaty-respected independence of a backward African people be impinged upon? Can sufficient justification be adduced to sanction such policy, carried out with all meet and due camouflage? Some may consider it the height of cynicism to put the question at all; others will no doubt choose to remember that we allowed something on kindred lines to happen in Jehol, without its violently dislocating our League of Nations contracts and covenants. Japan was frankly if tacitly allowed to expand, because she so cryingly needed more elbow-room; a *casus expansionis* being dug out in the alleged ubiquitous presence of Chinese "bandits." In Abyssinia are to be currently witnessed prime and unmistakable symptoms of a similar desire, intention to expand. In the room of "bandits," we observe the undemarcated frontier being crossed by a proud white race that makes prestige (*i.e.*, a refusal to go back) three parts of the game. And it may be that before the end we shall witness the emergence upon the scene—for diplomatic reasons—of individuals closely resembling those "bandits" of Manchukuo . . .

Before going into that, it is desirable to glance at the Kingdom of the Negus, Haill Silassie I, the same whose coronation a year or two back attracted such eloquently distinguished European and other Missions, loaded with gifts, in kind and of goodwill. For Abyssinia mattered.

How greatly it still matters, as the last big-scale area of the African continent, as yet unapportioned among European or other nations, leaps to the eye as one passes in review the pageant of local natural riches. The rare African climate and rarer fertility emanating from lakes, torrents, and rains, the almost unexampled gamut of flora and fauna, the mineral-bearing potentialities of the country, together with its glut of thoroughly eatable food-stuffs, combine to exhibit a picture as tempting as any which the once-Dark Continent ever offered in the past, in any of its latitudes. Nor is this to mention the strategical importance of Abyssinia, as represented (among other things) by its feeding of the Blue Nile, on whose unchecked waterflow considerably depend the Sudan and Egypt.

The country, which is triangular, measuring roughly 200 miles at its apex and 900 miles at its base, covers 350,000 square miles and is populated by less than 6,000,000 of mainly negroid type, among whom are a good few Christians, but whose characteristics include, according to the textbooks, "carousing and loose morals and dirty-living." More to the point is it that the Abyssinians do not desire to be exploited even if it bring wealth; they merely want enough for their own needs. They may be 1,000 years behind, they prefer to continue so, more or less feudally. While possessing a well-equipped army of over 300,000 including some of the fleetest horsemen and best mountain guerilla fighters in the world, the Abyssinians threaten nobody and only ask to continue to live in peace with their marching British, French, Italian, and Sudanese neighbours. These neighbours have completely "islanded off" Abyssinia, allowing it in no place to approach nearer than 30 miles to the coast. Moreover, there is only one stretch of railway, that from the capital, Addis Ababa, down to the French port of Jibuti, 450 miles away. But the Abyssinians have all they require, and far from their minding being largely cut off from outside contacts, apparently prefer things to remain thus.

While low-lying and Somali sections are malarious and unfit for white settling, the bulk of the country is highland in character, rising in places to 15,000 feet, and extremely healthy and temperate. October to February brings a bleak winter; then follows a dry, hot season until late June when the rains set in until late September. The atmosphere is mostly of Alpine clarity, and the thermometer seldom goes above 80 in the shade (highland). Cereals, fruit, and vegetation are astonishing. Wheat, barley, oats, coffee, gum, dates, olives, pine trees, orange groves, sugar-cane and figs abound. For eating, the natives have excellent and unlimited cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs to choose from. In fact, beast and bird life are unique; and this also applies to wild game. Flowers are wonderful. And no one knows the value of the gold-quartz, rock-salt, silver iron and coal deposits, since these have never been properly surveyed. The chief exports are skins, ivory, ostrich feathers, livestock, gum and pepper, but they only bring in a ludicrously small annual figure—a few millions sterling—considering the general richness of the tale.

Such is Abyssinia in A.D. 1935. How, indeed, one may ask, has so multiple-blessed a land successfully eluded the hand of the white European developer? And can the "hands off" attitude be expected to endure indefinitely or even much longer? Abyssinia is so patently ripe for development and settlement by that class of Power which came too late on the scene to participate in the exploitation riot of the nineteenth century, of which Britain and France were the chief beneficiaries; that class of Power inclined to strut as a result of 1914–18-and-after, yet which finds itself overcrowded through over-breeding, which cannot direct its nationals to harsh climates, of one extreme or the other, and which stands in urgent and permanent need of raw materials.

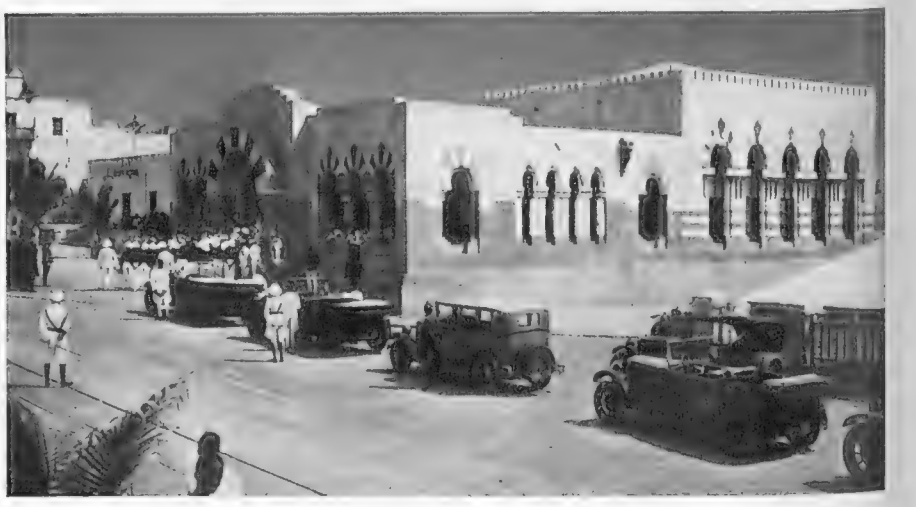
Italy. And Japan. Precisely the two that are to-day casting covetous eyes on the realm of the King of Kings.

The Japanese interest in Abyssinia may be dealt with first, for the reason that it is in the last contingency likely that anything serious will be allowed to come of it. No one wants Japanese round the Red Sea or Nile, indeed in Africa at all, or so close to Europe. The Japanese interest is admittedly entirely commercial, which the Italian is emphatically not; but that hardly alters matters. First reports were to the effect that Japan was to be allowed to grow opium in Abyssinia. The crop was later changed to cotton. There is no denying the interest Haill Silassie has of late betrayed in the greatest Asiatic Power—has not his Majesty decided to adopt the Japanese form of Constitution, and have not Japanese engineers and experts, financial representatives, and even diplomats sojourned as honoured guests in Addis Ababa? They have been designated by name in certain Continental financial organs. A tale even runs that a marriage is being prepared between the Japanese Princess Masako Kuroda and Prince Lydschi, cousin of the Negus.

All of which is grist to the Mussolinian mill. More and more, one hears it declared in Rome that Italy must be the white spear-head of defence against yellow penetration into Africa.

As readers of THE SPHERE have had occasion to know in the past, the Fascist dream is essentially one of African expansion, coupled with European safety. Bitterly feeling his position in the

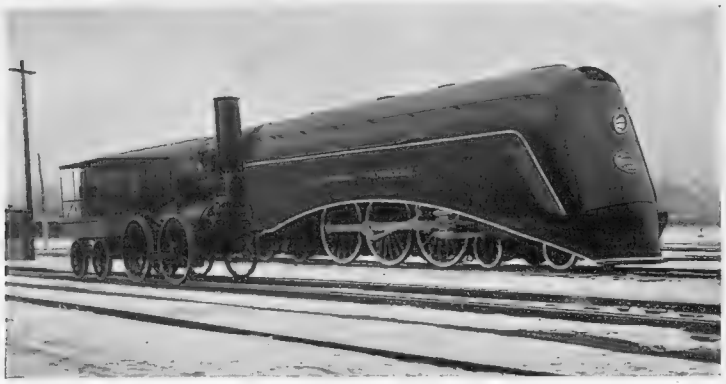
(Continued on p. 63)



A SIGNIFICANT TOUR: The Royal cars drawn up outside the new Fascist club at Mogdishu on the occasion of the King of Italy's recent visit to Italian Somaliland. His Majesty spent much of his time inspecting military outposts and aerodromes

Streamline on the Line

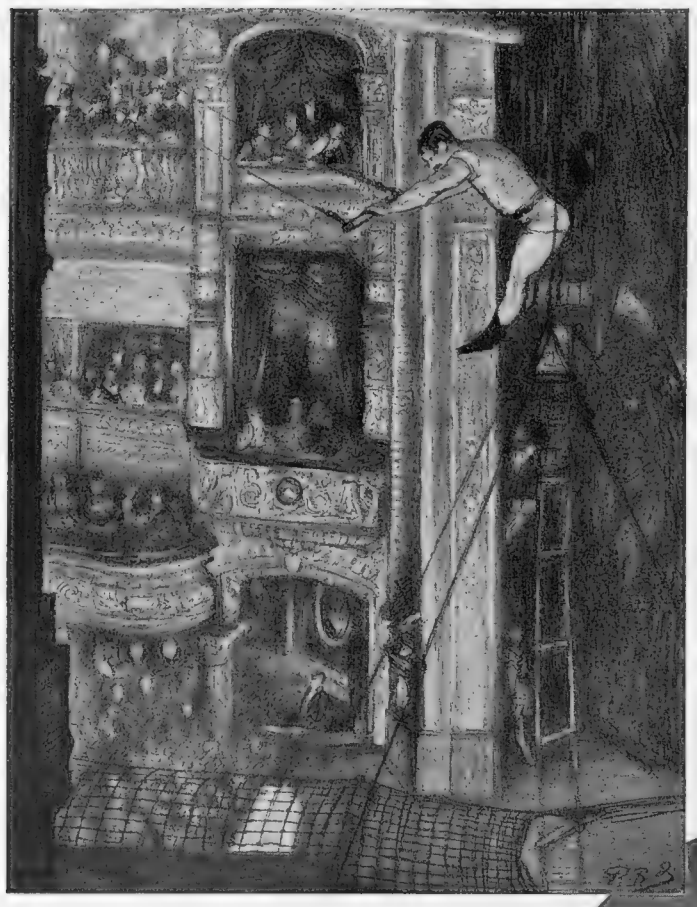
THE "COMMODORE VANDERBILT": While several of the United States railroad companies have been experimenting with varying degrees of success with Diesel engines, the New York Central has produced this remarkable-looking streamlined steam locomotive. It is 96 ft. long, can develop 4,075 horse-power, and can attain a speed of about 90 m.p.h.



GIANT AND MIDGET: The new "Commodore Vanderbilt" and the antiquated "De Witt Clinton" standing side by side. The last-named operated over 100 years ago on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, and was one of the first locomotives used in the United States

REVOLUTIONARY AND ECONOMICAL: A striking front view of the "Commodore Vanderbilt." It has been designed not only for speed but to reduce running costs—an essential in these days when the American railroads are having to contend with such fierce competition from road coaches and air liners

A BULLET ON RAILS: The "Zephyr," the latest type of Diesel train introduced by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company. When running its trials it reached a top speed of 112 m.p.h., as compared with the 120 m.p.h. achieved by the Union Pacific's transcontinental flyer which recently broke the record for the run between Los Angeles and New York



"HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE": A sketch by Paul Renouard published in *The Graphic* in 1893

THE HALLS TO-DAY

Bud Flanagan Talks To

CHARLES GRAVES

While the world of entertainment is as full of life as ever, that section of it known as the music-hall is shrinking rapidly. To-day there are only 520 acts which earn £20 a week and more. Before the War there were more than 2,000. At that time there were 163 full-time music-halls. To-day there are less than 40. The worst period that the music-hall ever knew was between the years 1924 and 1927 when dog racing and talking pictures dealt a violent blow at the music-hall. Both counter-attractions, however, have found their level, and the music-hall continues either on its own feet or as a supporting feature to cine-variety programmes.

It is safe to say that if it were not for Mr. George Black of the Palladium, the music-hall would have been driven still further away from the centres of Britain's attractions. It was George Black who thought out the new recipe for the old dish of music-hall humour. He called it, as you know, Crazy Week or Crazy Month. It involved turning the Palladium into what is to all intents and purposes a club, with half-a-dozen resident comedians who drag the audience into their jokes, and whose gags are of a very localized type. With one of them, Bud Flanagan, I have spent a couple of hours in learning about the music-hall.

According to Bud, the music-hall world is dying, for England has lost her nurseries of coming talent. The Act which forbade children of under sixteen appearing in public automatically resulted in the disappearance of—

Charburn's Young Stars (where Gracie Fields began)
Phil Reece's Stable Lads
Will Nettar Jockeys
Parke's Eton Boys and Girton Girls
Will Murray's Casey's Court (which gave us Charlie Chaplin and Hal Jones)
The Eight Lancashire Lads, who are now grown up, and who only work, as far as I know, on the Continent, and from whom Jack Edge graduated
Madame Halley's Juveniles; and
Annie Laurie's Troupe.

These were the producing centres of future stars. To-day there is Miss Conti's School, but this has nothing to do with the music-halls. Thus we face 1935 with no potential Dan Leno, George Robey, or Gracie Fields in embryo.

"Mind you, I don't care what form it takes," said Bud, "the public must have comedy. On the other hand, you can't go on giving it chicken all the time. You can boil it, roast it, and bake it, but it is still chicken. Sooner or later the public must have something lighter, heavier, sweeter, or more nourishing. This is true of the music-hall, although there is no public as loyal as the British public. American comedians are amazed to hear the applause of the public when they hear the signature tune or see the entrance of a favourite artiste. Look at Florrie Forde! She has been over forty years in front of the public, and in the provinces they still queue up at four o'clock in the afternoon for her annual visit. That's loyalty."

Bud Flanagan went on to say that even to-day an artist who is a standard act—that is, who earns between £20 and £40 a week—can get forty-two weeks' work quite easily if one includes cine-variety. On the other hand, there are hundreds of unfortunates who are lucky to get a couple of weeks out of fifty-two. In fact, if George Black, or rather his casting director, Val Parnell, shakes his head, there is little chance of a music-hall turn getting more than six weeks' work in the year. They control more than two-thirds of the entertainment in the music-hall world in England. Sir Oswald Stoll can give you three or four weeks' engagements, as he controls the Hackney Empire,

THE MUSSOLINI OF THE MUSIC-HALLS: Mr. George Black of Moss Empires, who has given variety a new lease of life

the Shepherds Bush Empire, the Ardwick Empire at Manchester, and one or two other houses where they have the cinema as well. But unfortunately for artists, there is a barring clause which prevents them from working nowadays at a theatre within two miles' radius of another. In the old days a comedian could play the Oxford, the London Pavilion, and the Tivoli all on the same night, although they were more or less within a hiss of one another.

Having taken this rather pessimistic view, Bud Flanagan cheered up. "Actually," he said, "figures show that things are not so bad, especially for standard acts. As Fred Lumley, the manager of the Pavilion at Glasgow, says, 'There are only three tops of the bill—a Boxing Night, New Year's Eve, and Gracie Fields. In other words, anybody who is really good has a chance of becoming a top nowadays.'"

I wonder how many of you would divide music-hall humour into the same eight varieties chosen by Bud Flanagan? He says that they can be divided into the kind which have the punch line last, the riddle, the play on words, the nonsensical story, the school-boy howler, the dialect story, the honeymoon or marriage joke, and, finally, the topical gag. Most people would divide jokes into those about mothers-in-law, those about custard pies, and so on. Bud Flanagan, however, is the greatest authority on humour in this country. He has the largest library of gag books. From this he can extract fifty jokes on any given subject. All that he then has to do is to give them a twist and polish them up. The public to-day apparently laughs just as it did forty years ago, except for puns, which are no longer considered funny. Further, owing to the Marx Brothers and the talkies in general, the laugh line has to be short and crisp and must only have at the outside two sentences to "feed" it.

A good example of the way an old joke might be revarnished would be this. Somebody arrives on the stage with three people sitting on the wings of his motor car and says bitterly "I can't get them off." The comedian replies "Why don't you get hold of Marshall Hall? He can get anyone off." All you have to do to-day is to change Marshall Hall's name for Mr. Norman Birkett's. George Black objects strongly to blue jokes. Bud Flanagan says that if you have a reputation for making blue jokes it annoys some people. If you have not, it may disappoint others.

The best thing of all is to specialise in happy-go-lucky entertaining. "There will always be music-hall turns out of jobs," he concluded. "There always have been, even in boom times. The depression sent the duds back to the shipyards, the tanneries, or wherever else they came from. The trouble with the profession is that nobody can be a doctor unless he is qualified, or a dentist, or a chartered accountant. In the show business fellows get into it for a short time who should never have been allowed in. It is true that all you want is ninety-eight per cent. luck and two per cent. talent, but even then you need that two per cent. talent."

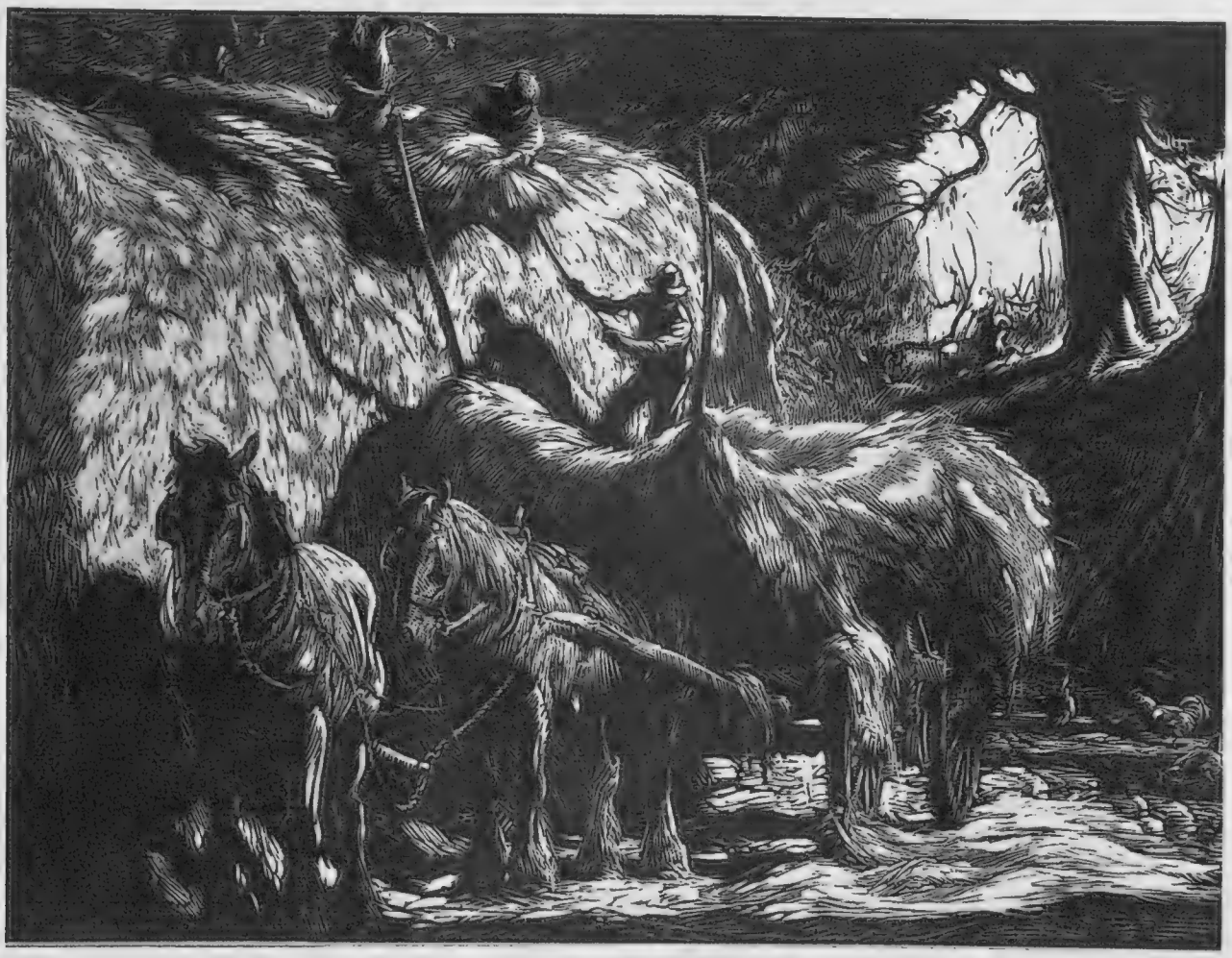
He then gave me two other examples of how music-hall gags are re-varnished. The straight man sees the comedian in shorts and says "I didn't know you were a footballer." The comedian says "Here is a photograph of me kicking off in the Cup Tie." The straight man looks at it and says "This is a picture of an empty field." The punch line is "Oh, we were playing away that week." Here is the same joke in its modern guise. The comedian says "Here is a photograph of my wife outside the public house." The straight man says "I can't see her." The punch line is "My goodness, she must have gone in again."

The forerunners of the present day music-hall acts who worked in the "Free and Easies" were not too particular in the old days. But when all these Moss Empires, Palaces, and Hippodromes were built and Sir Oswald Stoll insisted that objectionable gestures should be deleted, the humour was purified a good deal. During the war vulgarity came back. Once again, however, anything blue is being stamped on, which is a good outlook for the music-hall humour of 1935; for obviously, unless you can bring your wife and your sister to an entertainment, the attendance is bound to be limited. Let me end with Bud Flanagan's story which he says is the grand-daddy of all Jewish stories. A Jew is lunching in a Yiddish restaurant and points out to the waiter that there is a fly in his soup. The answer is "Vell, vy not? How much can a fly drink?"

COMPOSER, COMEDIAN, AND MEMBER OF THE CRAZY GANG: Bud Flanagan, of Flanagan and Allen fame. He deplores the fact that the music-hall world has lost its nurseries of talent

"THE SHIRE STALLION"

A wood-engraving by Charles F. Tunnicliffe characterised by great boldness of line and revealing this medium at its best. It was shown at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition



THE ART OF THE WOOD ENGRAVER

"THE HARVEST": A pleasing study in light and shade by George Soper. Up to about 1880 wood-engraving was the principal means of book and newspaper illustration, but by the beginning of the present century it had all but been driven out of the commercial field by "process" blocks of various kinds. At the moment there is a distinct revival of interest in this type of work, and some of the present-day white on black productions clearly rival in technical perfection anything produced in the past

HOG-HU

Impressions by "Snaffle" of Most Thrilling and Dan

THE CORRECT SEAT AND THE HOPE —a light heart—and a blind bait

"'Osses and Obstacles" is the result ings and sketches by "Snaffle," which has just been published by Messrs. devoted to hog-hunting is particularly int illustrations, taken from the book, ar dangers of this sport which provide a

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT: The pig has turned to face its adversary who is handicapped by the fact that he will have to use his spear while his mount is slithering down the slope of a ravine. Hog-hunting is not a game for the faint-hearted, and if the rider goes in for half measures things may be very unpleasant

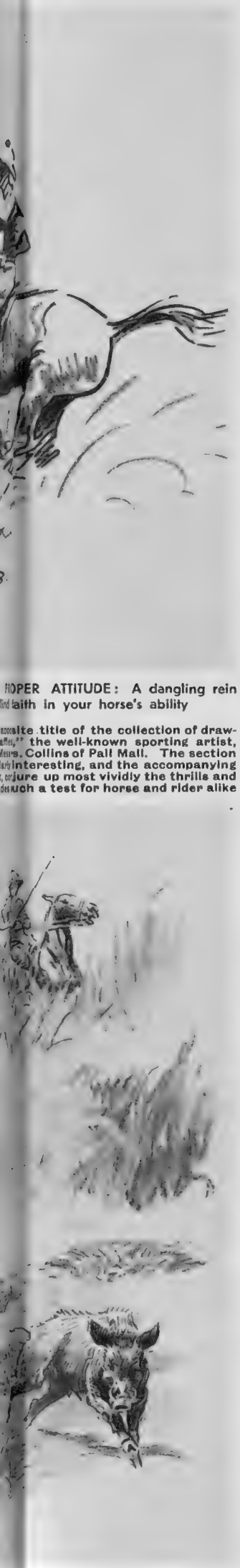
THROUGH THE ROUGH STUFF

Note how the rider trails his spear through the boughs, and protects his face with the butt

PITFALLS FOR THE UNWARY: A pig-sticker comes to grief on treache while his more cautious partner pauses on the brink to see which lie way to get across such places is to dismount and le

HUNTING

naffles" of One of the Dangerous of all Sports



PROPER ATTITUDE: A dangling rein
lind faith in your horse's ability

...ite title of the collection of draw-
...," the well-known sporting artist,
...s. Collins of Pall Mall. The section
...interesting, and the accompanying
...jure up most vividly the thrills and
...uch a test for horse and rider alike

...erous soil in a melon plantation,
...the quarry will take. The best
...lead the horse

A STORY IN THREE SCENES: It takes a good man to get across country like this; through breast-high grass where concealed nullahs abound, where the going is nearly always uneven, and where thorn bushes and mud walls provide obstacles as formidable as any in the shires. Note in the above sketches how the loose horse follows the pig, a sure indication of his intense love of the sport

Hot on the heels of a pig as it attempts to make a getaway across enclosed land

OVER THE GARDEN WALLS IN THE MUTTRA COUNTRY

A NEWLY FOUND PORTRAIT OF DANTE

A Notable Discovery Made during the Restoration of one of the Michelangelo Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican

UNRECOGNISED FOR FOUR CENTURIES: The portrait, now definitely established as that of Dante, which appears in Michelangelo's fresco, "The Last Judgment," on the walls of the Sistine Chapel

While Professor Nogara, of the Vatican Museum, was engaged in restoring the famous Michelangelo fresco of "The Last Judgment," one of his assistants noticed in the group of the elect, on the right of the figure of Christ, a head strongly resembling that of Dante. A photograph was immediately taken of it and, when compared with other existing portraits, the features tallied in such detail that the identity was proved beyond all doubt. The discovery has been much discussed in Italy, and is doubly interesting in that the great Renaissance artist very seldom introduced likenesses of his contemporaries into his work. There is, however, in the same fresco another instance of his doing so, as the head of Minos (the supreme judge of the lower world) clearly resembles that of Biagio of Cesena, the papal master of the ceremonies who censured Michelangelo on account of the nudity of some of the figures in his paintings

THE GROUP OF THE ELECT: Another detail of the fresco showing the head of Dante in the centre. It is not to be wondered at that the portrait of the great poet has not been found before now as the whole composition is on so vast a scale and contains such a host of figures; but, on the other hand, it is easy to understand why it should have been included, as Dante was an intimate friend of Michelangelo and exercised a profound influence upon his work

THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE "TIGERS" OF EVEREST

How They Perished on the Mountain-side when Taking Part in the Attempt to Conquer the Lesser Himalayan Peak of Nanga Parbat

By Courtesy of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and the Everest Committee

CLIMBING UP THE DIFFICULT NORTH COL OF EVEREST: A party of "tigers," the efficient porters whose loyalty to their white leaders was one of the outstanding features of the Ruttledge Expedition of 1933. As a result many of them were chosen to take part in the Austro-German assault on Nanga Parbat last year, when their strength was put to such a severe test that they died of exhaustion after a blizzard which swept across the mountain and compelled them to retreat. Only one of those engaged in the final assault survived, and he is still in Darjeeling hospital

In THE SPHERE of July 28 of last year a first reference was made to the misfortunes which had attended the Austro-German Expedition to the Himalayas. It was not possible at that moment to give the full details of what had occurred, but from the very full message in *The Times* of the 28th of last month it is now possible to visualize the series of unfortunate events which characterized this latest attempt to climb Nanga Parbat. The Expedition was led by Herr W. Merkl, the German mountaineer, and consisted of fifteen Germans and Austrians, one Swiss, and two British transport officers. Of these nine Germans and Austrians formed the climbing party, while twenty-five Sherpa and Bhutia porters were recruited from Darjeeling. Nearly all of them were "tigers" from among the men of the 1933 expedition whose magnificent work in establishing the highest camps on Everest had singled them out, as it proved, to die on Nanga Parbat. The Expedition made its Base Camp in the Rakiot Valley on May 17, and a period of good weather lasting seven weeks followed, but delay occurred over the special food for the porters and the death of Herr Drexel from pneumonia was a first disaster.

Owing to the amount of relayed carrying in order to provide the necessary equipment and food at the advanced bases for such a large party of European climbers, the strength of the porters appears to have been put to a severe test. It was determined to make a dash for the summit, and a party of no less than six climbers was selected for this effort. The upper Camps, 5, 6, and 7, were to be equipped with food and fuel against the return of this main

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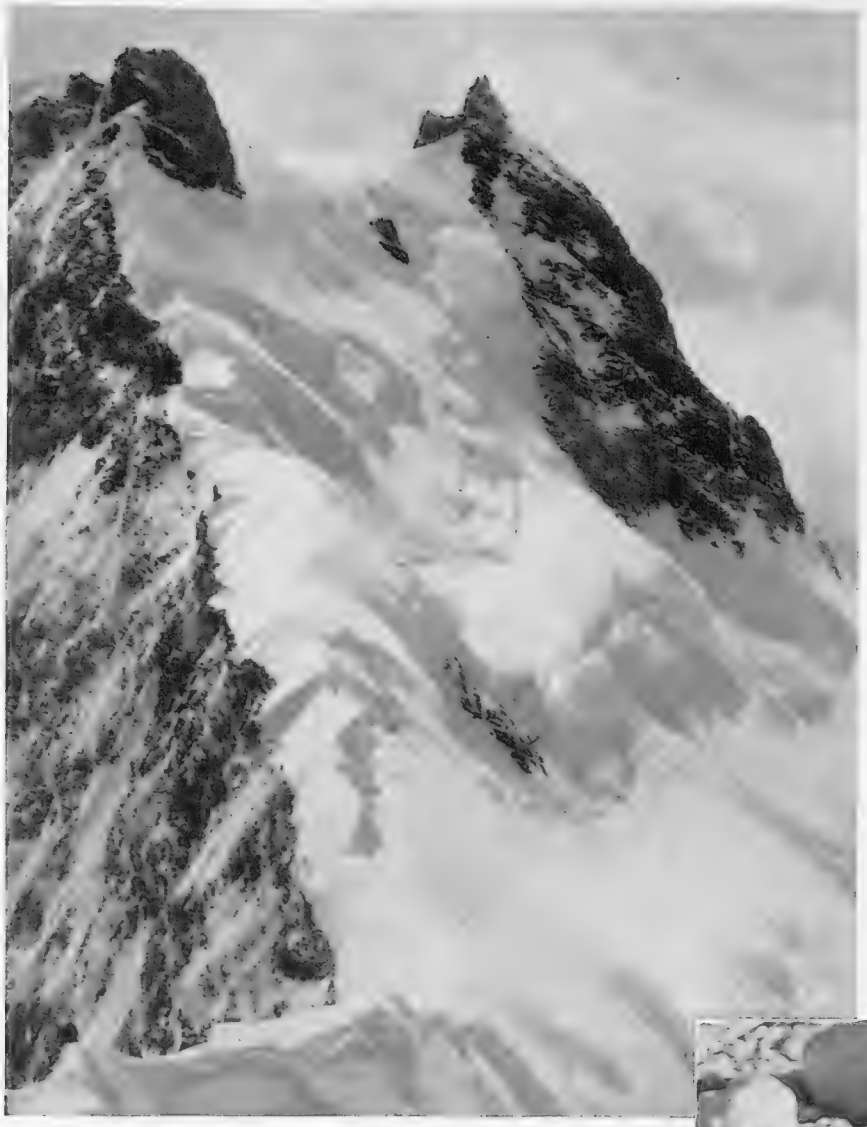


THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY: The North-East Ridge above Camp 7 on Nanga Parbat where three members of the Austro-German Expedition and nine native porters lost their lives last year when making their last effort to scale the giant 26,200-ft. peak

climbing party, but from unstated causes this does not appear to have been accomplished. Five Europeans and eleven porters occupied Camp 7. Of this number nine were destined to perish. On July 6 the attempt to establish Camp 8 was made, and was eventually established at 24,935 ft. It was hoped on the following day to reach the summit. It was then that a terrific blizzard burst upon the mountain. The flimsy tents, we are told, supported by bamboo poles, were unable to withstand the wind, and powder snow was blown in upon the occupants. The storm continued through the second night, the tents sustaining further damage.

On the morning of July 8 began a disastrous retreat; two of the climbers with three porters, Pasang, Pintzo Nurbu and Nima Dorje, set out first to break a trail through the deep snow. The porters were unable to go as fast as their sahibs, and became separated from them near Camp 7. The two climbers reached the safety of Camp 4 the same day, but of the three porters only Pasang survived. Herr Merkl, and two other climbers, with the remaining eight porters, left shortly after the first party. They were unable to reach Camp 7 that day. They huddled together in the snow. One of the porters, Nima Nurbu, died that night. On July 9 the three Europeans with four porters continued the downward struggle.

How they all gradually died on the mountain side is told in detail in this terrible narrative. One reads of their reaching Camps but finding no food or fuel and desperately pushing on only to lie down and die in the snow. Only Angstering, in the last stages of exhaustion and terribly frost-bitten (he is still in hospital at Darjeeling) struggled over the Rakiot Peak and down to Camp 4. He had spent a week on the mountain, mostly without food or shelter, and his survival is almost beyond understanding. Desperate attempts at relief were made by the party at Camp 4, but they were unable to get higher than Camp 5 and it was found impossible to retrieve a disaster of terrible magnitude.

The sympathy of all mountaineers will go out especially to the "tigers" of Everest, who were destined to meet such a tragic end on a lesser Peak. They had themselves only the previous year, climbed over 27,000 ft., under the leadership of the 1933 British Everest Expedition.

Who are these men who will devotedly follow their white leaders with a trust which is complete? They are no mere porters, says Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, they are mountaineers, and it is their excellent work and mountaineering enthusiasm which have gained them in India and Thibet the proud title of the "tigers" of Everest. In *Everest, 1933*, the book simply and admirably written by Mr. Hugh Ruttledge (Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., 1934) special references are made to the "tigers" and their work, and by piecing these statements together the reader who may never have had the opportunity of seeing them strolling round the bazaars at Darjeeling, may yet form some clear idea of this extraordinary group of men.

In the Ruttledge narrative we first encounter the "tigers" during the busy days of assembling the expedition and planning its initial stages at Darjeeling.

"The Sherpas, though Nepalese subjects, are of Tibetan origin and speak among themselves a Tibetan dialect. From their earliest years they are accustomed to carry heavy loads over the 19,000 ft. Nangpa La, the pass at the head of their valley to the Tibetan plateau. They have thus secured an extraordinary degree of acclimatization to high altitudes, and a carrying power which has to be seen to be believed. Many of them come into Darjeeling, ten days' march, seeking work in tea plantations, or as porters or rickshaw coolies. They are fine, free movers on a hillside, and have the bold, open manner of the true hill man.

"There must be some affinity of temperament between the Mongolian and the English races, for they seem to understand each other at once. For instance, British and Gurkha soldiers invariably fraternise, though unable to speak one word of each other's language. We lost no time in establishing an entente with the Sherpas. Nor was communication very difficult, for the Sherpa, now a resident of Nepal, has usually learnt the language of that country *pari passu* with Tibetan. He has picked up some Urdu at Darjeeling, sometimes even a few words of English. He likes languages and, if he has been with the Bavarians to Kangchenjunga, will often reply 'ja-ja,' regardless of the context.

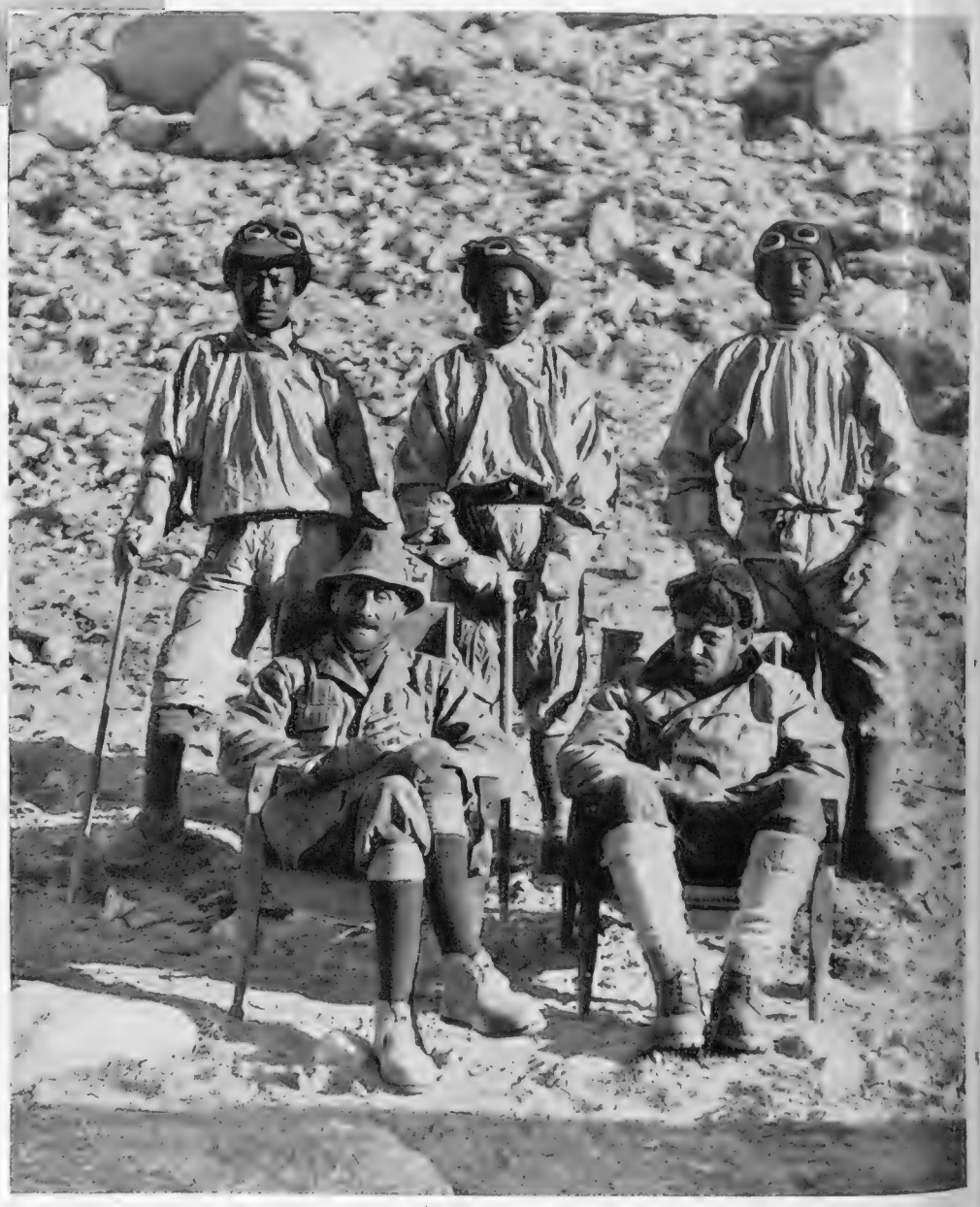
THE "TIGERS"

". . . It was a great pleasure to find that Lhakpa Chedi, the best of the 'tigers' of 1924, was prepared to come again. He had been for some years a very efficient head waiter in a Darjeeling restaurant, and now proposed to join up as sardar and messman. But that humdrum though useful rôle would never content him. He intended to climb as high as possible, and we realized what an asset his prestige and influence would be in regard to the young entry. . . .

"Away from the worries of civilization, their pay and maintenance secure for months ahead, they were a happy, care-free crowd. To-morrow could look after itself. For all that, they were proud to be members of the expedition, and anxious to prove themselves mountaineers. The Sherpa does not come to Everest merely for what he can get out of it. If you asked him why he came, he might prevaricate, or pass it off with an embarrassed laugh. Pride of achievement, of carrying through a dangerous job, or sheer love of the great mountains—and he knows all about Everest's pride of place—or escape from the monotony of civilization? He may not be able to explain, or may not wish to, but he is of nomad stock. He knows, too, that the Englishmen who have come from so far have exactly the same feeling as himself. That is why he gets on so well with them from the very start, even with those who can hardly speak one word of his language. He understands them without the need of speech. How else can you explain his readiness to risk his life in company with men he has never seen before, and may never see again?"

After the impressive ceremonial of the blessing of the "tigers" by Lamaist priests in Darjeeling, there came the long trek northwards, with the minor difficulty of the porters getting sore feet from the looseness of their mountain climbing boots; to be followed by the western stage across the windy plateau of Tibet, where the main carrying is done by yaks.

Eventually, the "tigers" found themselves at the foot of the great ice mass known as the North Col, the first real climbing difficulty in the task of vanquishing Everest. This was successfully, but



TYPICAL "TIGERS": The three porters (standing) who accompanied Colonel Norton and Mr. Somervell to a height of 27,000 ft. during the assault on Everest in 1924

OF EVEREST:

(*Continued from p. 57*)

not without difficulty, overcome and was to be followed by their great climb to Camp 6 which was established at a point almost identical in height with the summit of Nanga Parbat. The "tigers" were to carry up the equipment of the camp so that on the following day the attempt on the summit by Messrs. Wyn Harris and Wager might be made.

"The climbers were up at 5 a.m., and found the eight 'tigers' ready and willing. There can be no doubt that these Sherpas and Bhutias have now developed an improved tradition, pride of achievement, standard of possibility. It is a process of psychological evolution, for which the credit must be shared by the men themselves and by the climbers who led them, on previous expeditions no less than on this. . . .

"Wyn Harris and Wager led the climb, and Longland brought up the rear, lending encouragement and help when necessary. At the end of every fifty minutes a ten-minute halt was called. The men hardly needed it; most of them were up and pressing on the leaders before the signal to start again. And the pace was good; up to a height of 27,000 ft. they averaged 400 ft. an hour, halts included. . . . At about 27,000 ft. the angle of ascent suddenly steepened, for the party had reached the bottom edge of that great band of yellowish limestone, 1,000 ft. thick, which is so conspicuous a feature of the mountain as seen from the Base Camp. The change was welcome in spite of the steeper nature of the rock, because the treacherous slabs, dipping outwards at an almost uniform angle, gave place to a series of well-defined ledges which gave the appearance, if not indeed the reality, of safer going. By this time the climbers were too much under the cliffs to be able to make absolutely certain of the direction towards the first step, but Wyn Harris adopted a good zig-zag route which kept up the pace, prevented straggling, and followed a line of least resistance. It was time to begin looking for a camp site; two or three of the men were at last showing signs of exhaustion, and they must all be seen safely down to the North Col before dark.

"So high was the spirit of the men that they were even willing to try to reach the little snow patch under the first step. But this would have involved at least another two hours' climbing; it was already 1.30 p.m.; and the North Col lay 4,400 ft. below. Fortunately the word was given for descent, and Wyn Harris and Wager lost no time in taking possession of the premises, for the cold of a high camp on Everest does not encourage small talk at the front door. Old Kipa Lama, his normal eccentricity much enhanced by altitude, selected this moment to demand a "chit" or certificate of good conduct. He was promised one of the best if he would only hurry.

"Longland took one look at the summit which now seemed so close (perhaps 1,600 feet higher and half a mile away), wished the climbers good luck, and led off along the break in the yellow band, horizontally eastwards. Long ago, when we decided to try to place Camp 6 higher than before and away along the north face, a rule had been made that porters making the carry must not be allowed to return unescorted. The rule was now doubly vindicated. Left to themselves, the men would have charged off down the steep slopes by which they had ascended. Fatigue inevitably promotes carelessness, and undermines balance. One or more would probably have slipped and fallen to their death on the glacier thousands of feet below. The morale of the rest would have gone to pieces immediately—such is the almost certain effect of an accident—with only one result, total collapse. Longland knew the danger, and did the right thing. It was imperative to lose no time in finding the north ridge. Once on that, direction-finding would be far easier than on the great indeterminate slabs of the face. He worked his way along to a point where it seemed possible to traverse downwards across scree slopes to the ridge. The ground was steep, and delay occurred in helping the men.

"The traverse was made just in time. As the last man cautiously moved over on the ridge, a furious storm of wind and snow came roaring over from the west. A moment before all had been quiet and peaceful. In a few seconds Nature seemed to go mad. The far horizons vanished as the voice of the wind rose to a scream and the snow tore past in blinding sheets. The effect upon tired men may be imagined. Their world disappeared, their goggles iced up till they had to be discarded, whereupon their eyelashes froze together, making it very difficult to see at all. They were literally fighting for their lives.

"Well for them that they had a great leader and a great mountaineer at their head. Longland never faltered, though, to use his own words, 'visibility suddenly narrowed to a snow-swept circle of some twenty yards, and—I was taking a party of porters down a ridge I had never been on before, but which I knew to be ill-defined and easy to lose, particularly in such conditions.' He kept his men in close order, and they staggered downwards, leaning sideways against the wind to keep their balance and peering through the storm for a glimpse of the North Peak and the ridge, but seeing nothing beyond the rocks just ahead.' Every few minutes they halted to count their numbers. The men were responding magnificently to example, and not one fell out.

"Suddenly, below a little cliff, they came upon a spot of green, Norton's Camp 6 of 1924, where Mallory and Irvine spent their last night of life and where Odell came in his great effort to find them. The tent was no longer usable after nine years of exposure, yet it looked surprisingly new. The men, much cheered by this discovery, rummaged about and found a folding candle lantern and a lever torch. The latter worked at first touch. Then they hurried on downwards, for to remain still in these conditions meant death. The storm continued relentlessly.

"About 200 ft. lower down a terrible thought occurred to Longland. He remembered that, in one of the 1924 photographs of Mount Everest as seen from the Base Camp, the position of that year's Camp 6 was marked by an arrow pointing, not to the main north ridge, but to a subsidiary ridge farther to the east. Could it be that he was leading his party straight for the appalling ice-slopes above the East Rongbuk glacier, instead of down the main ridge to Camp 5 and 4, and safety? It was a dreadful moment, and the worst of it was that he could see no landmark through the flying snow. But he kept his head and watched for the appearance of a great snow couloir, which he knew must be on the left if he were on the wrong ridge. The anxious descent continued slowly, down little snow-covered cliffs and icy screes, reassured to some extent by the invisibility of the couloir. But it was a painful passage. Some of the more exhausted porters were beginning to sit down, unable to face any longer the torture of the wind. They had to be urged to their feet and encouraged to keep on down that doubtful, perhaps fatal ridge, the problem of which the leader had to keep to himself. At last, over a little ledge, and not 100 ft. below, appeared a green tent. It was Camp 5. Longland had brought his party safe through a test which even Mount Everest could hardly make more severe."

SAFE AND SOUND: Seven of the "tigers" who were with Mr. Ruttledge on Everest. None of them was involved in any accident or incapacitated in any way—a circumstance which bears testimony to the efficient manner in which the attack on the mountain was organized. Nima Dorje, in the group, perished on Nanga Parbat last year

FAMED FOR THEIR COURAGE AND ENDURANCE: Da Tsering and Nima Dorje, two Sherpa porters who carried loads to Camp 6 (27,400 ft.) during the Ruttledge Everest Expedition of 1933

Pictures by courtesy of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and the Everest Committee

THE NORTH FACE OF MOUNT EVEREST: On the left is Camp 6, which, during the 1933 expedition, eight of the "tigers" helped their white leaders to establish so promptly that, but for the impossible weather conditions, the summit would almost certainly have been reached

A TWO-MINUTE THRILL: Hurtling down the St. Moritz bobsleigh run at forty miles an hour

SPEED IN SNOW

Exhilarating Moments on Engadine Slopes Described by

WILLIAM J. MAKIN

Is there anything to equal the thrill of it? A snow slope, skis on your feet and the icy wind whipping tears from your eyes.

The whole white world is swishing beneath your feet. There is all the exhilaration of swift movement. Ski-ing, tobogganing, ice-hockey and that rough and tumble sport of ski-jöring, the *skieur* tugged by galloping horses, provide all the tingling excitements of speed in snow.

Each to his own particular snow sport. On skis I have slid down the slopes leading to St. Moritz. I have also banked in a small monoplane over the wind-whipped summit of Mont Blanc. I have tobogganed at Davos, and climbed in snow near the Equator at Mount Kenya. At the risk of being dubbed a renegade by the many enthusiastic *skieurs* I would say that the finest speed in snow can be seen on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz.

Many adventurous Englishmen in crash helmets and steel elbow pads have ventured on skeleton racers along this twisting ice-trench just over three-quarters of a mile in length. A good start from the top and only the steel spikes in the boots of the rider tearing the ice will save him swirling out of the trench into crashing disaster.

But the Cresta Run is world-famous. It is the blue riband of snow speed. With its electric timing apparatus, its telephones and loud speakers, it is the finest racing track in the world to snow enthusiasts. And the record run is held by an Englishman, Jack Heaton.

It was on February 5, 1929, that Heaton, crash-helmeted, set off on his steel skeleton and covered the swirling ice trench of 1,346 yards in 58 seconds. This same run achieved for Heaton the fastest speed ever reached on the Cresta run. Measured on a length of 54 yards near the finish, his steel skeleton was hurtling along at a speed of over 75 m.p.h. I have never achieved the greatness of a run on the Cresta, but I can imagine the tear-streaming eyes and the ice-bitten face of the man travelling at this speed.

Alongside the Cresta is the famous bobsleigh run of St. Moritz. I have seen small and giant toboggans swirling the ice slopes at Sunny Corner. Here the bobsleighs tear along at over forty miles an hour, then hang at a terrifying horizontal before dashing into the narrow slope that leads to Horse Shoe Bend.

I recall the occasion when I was led, a doubtful amateur to the red bobsleigh aptly named *Hell's Own*, on which I and four others were to hurtle and swirl down the ice-slope.

"The record speed so far is 1 min. 31 sec.," said an onlooker to the steerer. "You'll have to go some to beat that."

The steerer nodded, a grim expression on his face. Stretching myself out on the bobsleigh with the others, I took a final glance at the snow-covered mountains towering above, the trees powdered in white, and the stark blue sky swimming in sunshine.

"Are you ready?" someone shouted.

The steerer, stretched head foremost, grasped the wheel. The rest of us, sprawled behind, held ourselves tense. I felt my hands clutching the rail of cold steel with the tightness of terror.

"Go!"

Slowly we slithered forward. We gently bumped down a snow slope. The next moment there was the whirr of steel against ice and we were on the run proper. I heard a bell clang loudly and realised that we had gone past the starting-post.

The whirr had now risen to a roar. By just raising my head and peering across the back of the man sprawled before me I could see the terrifying slope down which we were hurtling.

"Right!" yelled the steerer.

Mechanically we all swung our bodies to the right and were rounding a curve before I had realized it.

"Straight!" yelled the steerer.

The five bodies swung back again. Now we were slithering down at breakneck speed to that awe-inspiring Sunny Corner. Would we get round it? The ice banks flashed past. There came the long-drawn-out howl of a Swiss boy perched on the snow slopes above, giving warning that a bobsleigh was travelling.

"Right!" yelled the steerer.

We just heard his voice above the roar of steel on the ice slopes and swung our bodies to the command.

I glimpsed that ice wall above my head and the spectators dotted like dolls. Up—up—climbed the sleigh. Now we were 16 ft. high on that wall of ice, hanging like flies. The steerer twisted the wheel viciously, we were falling—falling—and with a roar slithered down the narrow slope towards the next bed.

In a few seconds we were swirling round Horse Shoe Bend. Powdered ice and snow smothered my back and flakes of ice tore against the hands gripping the sleigh. We were hurtling along at over forty miles an hour, and the sleigh was rocking dangerously.

"Brakes!" yelled the steerer, but it was too late. I felt a jerk at my waist, I was nearly torn off the sleigh, and my nailed boots were cutting the ice. One swift glance over my shoulder and I realised that the man behind had been flung off.

I clung on all the more desperately. My eyes were streaming tears with the cold wind, and I was smothered in snow. Then a bell clanged again, and with a sigh of relief I realised we had passed the winning post. The sleigh slithered to a standstill.

"One minute thirty-five point seven seconds," growled the steerer despondently. "At least five seconds too many." I felt his eye upon me.

A telephone message came through that our number five had been picked up unhurt but blaspheming. The thrill was over. We were hitched to a horse-drawn sleigh, and dragged up the long hill. I dozed with the others in the sunshine. It was the finest two-minutes' thrill I have ever experienced.

Even on this bobsleigh run, Jack Heaton in company with R. Minton on a boblet, holds the record of 1 min. 25·6 sec., which was achieved in January 1931. The record for ladies is held by Madame Vermoersch, achieved a month later, at 1 min. 29·3 sec.

But, of course, the conscientious *skieur* is apt to look upon toboggan speeds as slightly vulgar. Ski-ing, it is asserted, is the true sport of the snows. Man on "wings of wood."

The various ski-ing events which attract cosmopolitan experts to Mürren, Wengen, and Grindelwald, have raised some remarkable records. But it must be remembered that the true *skieur* prefers to go long runs in crystal snow, whereas the courses for these speed events are stamped and hammered almost into an ice track. The result is fast sliding rather than true ski-ing.

Although many British *skieurs* compete at these meetings, they have not yet achieved the record-breaking of the Swiss. Nor can it be expected. As one expert *skieur* said to me in Grindelwald a few weeks ago: "We begin ski-ing as children. It is our daily life in the winter. The British *skieur* begins too late."

That is probably true, but some excellent records are now being set up by these British contestants. Despite the heavy odds, there is no lack of British competitors each winter. This, in spite of the fact that it costs a modern racer, including equipment, anything from £50 to £150 to train and race for his country. To-day, the Ski Club of Great Britain, under the enthusiastic direction of Arnold Lunn, is training some excellent speed men.

But even the Swiss *skieurs* must give place to the Scandinavians. At the "Norwegian Derby" held annually in February, near Oslo, some astounding records in long-distance racing and jumping are achieved. The principal distance race is over a difficult course of about 20 miles. The record for 25 kms. (15½ miles) is 2 hours 7 min. A Lapp once covered some 138 miles in 21 hours, 22 min., the country being level. Such records have not yet been achieved in Switzerland.

Undoubtedly the fastest *skieur* in Switzerland to-day is the famous David Zogg. In the racing at St. Moritz last year Zogg was speeding along at an average of nearly forty miles an hour. This meant that on some parts of the course Zogg was travelling at over sixty miles an hour. Equally extraordinary was the fact that a woman, another famous Swiss *skieur*, Anny Rüegg, attained an average speed of just under thirty miles an hour.

German and Italian *skieurs* were the runners-up in this snow marathon. Great Britain, represented by Bill Clyde, took tenth place in the race. But much promise is being shown by the Oxford and Cambridge ski-racers. The time is coming when this country will be able seriously to challenge the Swiss experts.

Among our women *skieurs* first place ought to be given to Miss Durel Sale-Barker. In the Ladies' Straight Race at St. Moritz she came in fourth, the race being won by the redoubtable Anny Rüegg. This slim English girl, who a few years ago crashed in her aeroplane on a flight to South Africa, is a joy to watch on the snow slopes. She seems the very apotheosis of speed in snow, her body swinging beautifully to the surge of the skis.

It has not been possible to describe ice-hockey, regarded by many as the fastest sport in the world. Or that racing on skis behind horses. When I was last at St. Moritz one intrepid adventurer was experimenting by being towed on skis behind an aeroplane. This may give faster speed in the snow than any other method. It suggests aquaplaning. Personally, however, I should prefer to be in the aeroplane. And with a Swiss pilot. They can nose their machines almost up to the white wall of a mountain, and loop backwards with screaming engine. For those who desire real thrills in the snow, I commend them to the laughing aerobatics of the Swiss airman.

IN EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

WOODEN WINGS: A picture taken from the ski-jumper's point of view, showing Walter Dellekarth, of Innsbruck, making a daring leap when competing for the Morven Cup at St. Moritz a few days ago

READY FOR THE FRAY: A group of prominent riders on the famous Cresta Run, including A. J. Outram, the Hon. B. Bathurst, W. Fiske, E. C. Monell, R. Fonjallez, Baron Jevers, J. Lawrence, L. J. Pratt, and Major Oliver, seen before the start of the competition for the Fiske Cup. The Cresta, which starts at the Kulm Hotel, was built in 1884, and is probably the severest and most thrilling run in the world. Experts are able to travel on it at speeds considerably in excess of fifty miles per hour

London as the World's Film Centre

A Probable Development of the Immediate Future

By W. HOLT WHITE

WITHIN the past few weeks there have occurred a number of events which more than suggest that London is destined to become the film centre of the world.

This is not a wild theory in which the wish is father to the thought. It is the result of a sober review of the situation as it has rapidly developed during the past twelve months. In these twelve months the British film industry has made more progress than it did during the preceding twenty years, and things were right for dramatic developments.

They came. After years of desperate struggle, English films won smashing victories in America. George Arliss—the most brilliant star in the film firmament—made a meteoric descent on England to appear in an English film at a Hollywood salary. And when Hollywood salaries are paid in London it is a pretty good guarantee that there is at least sufficient money to enable English films to compete with their American rivals. For although efforts may be made to belittle the importance of stars, and while it may be argued that they earn far too much, the fact remains that it is the star who packs the cinema.

Now, observant of these things was Count Ludovico Teoplitz de Grande Rey, who modestly prefers to be known as Mr. Teoplitz. The son of a distinguished Italian banker, Mr. Teoplitz has finance in his blood; but he is also a "romantic," which may be gathered from the fact that after strenuous service in the war he was d'Annunzio's right-hand man during the revolution.

From Fascism, Mr. Teoplitz turned to films. But from the 1,800 cinemas in Italy he looked rather doubtfully towards the 25,000 cinemas in America. And then he looked at England with 4,200 cinemas. And then he bethought himself of the European market and decided that it might be more practical to start on the conquest of the film world with headquarters in London—provided he could land on the market a truly international film. And after all, he has experience. When he was with Cines-Pittaluga, he produced twenty films in four years. More recently, in conjunction with Alexander Korda, he produced in England *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Catherine the Great*. Then came the sensational announcement that he was to produce *The Dictator* and had signed on Lubitsch to direct it in London. That was the nastiest jar that Hollywood has had as yet. It has definitely altered the face of film things.

Now to appreciate the position to the full it must be remembered that the business of film production is subject to fads and crazes. First it was "sob-stuff"; then it was spectacles—one Hollywood studio vying with the next to produce a bigger and better spectacle. Then came "talkies" with the scramble for the "English voice." Then the gangster film. One Hollywood studio put out a gangster film and the rest followed.

And now it is the international idea—that is to say, the output of films in which the principal figure is one of outstanding international fame.

> At this point it should be made absolutely clear that throughout this article the word "international" refers to the manner in which films may be made and rented and has no reference whatsoever to any firm which includes the word "International" in its name.

Now there is a great deal in this international idea. If you come to think it out, the products of Hollywood have seldom been purely American. Hollywood built up its immense business by importing practically everything from Europe. As a result, you now get a so-called American film which is produced by people of Continental origin, with a director from Vienna, an art director from Italy, a star from Scandinavia—or, maybe, from England, a cameraman from Germany; plus, perhaps, an Hungarian orchestra, a zoo from Germany, and a circus from Czechoslovakia — the home of the circus — and "backgrounds" shot anywhere from Leningrad to Labrador. And then the final product is put out as an American film!

But after all, why go to Hollywood? Why export all these people, effects, and so on from Europe to the far side of the American continent, when England is so much cheaper and easier of access?

If you study the map, it is plain to see that in just the same way that London has become the financial and business centre of the world, so it can quite naturally become the film centre of the world. Only those who are responsible for the production of films in England must make films which have as sure an appeal in Portugal as they have in Paris or New York.

"International" must be the watchword. It is a question of finding a central idea which will appeal to every market—America, Canada, South Africa, Australia, India, Japan, and Europe.

Can it be done? It is a bold idea. But looking round the industry, it seems a feasible one.

To begin with, there is the psychological aspect of affairs. Hollywood has been dealt staggering blows by the depression, and, in spite of gallant efforts, has failed to recover. Depression has spelt economy, and the production of American films is in many cases not so lavish or so "slick" as it was. English stars who have contributed so much to the success of so many American films are coming home; and at an increasing pace now that they can make as good money here as they made there. Further, American stars no longer scorn the British studio, and when Ernst Lubitsch signs on for London, anything may happen.

That is one phase of the gravitation towards London. The other phase is the grim struggle—now at long last being crowned with success—to improve the production of pictures in this country. It has been a long battle, in which the quota (the enactment that cinemas must show a certain proportion of British films) has played no small part. At first despised and ridiculed, it is now realized that the production on a large scale of what are known as "Quickies"—cheap films made in a limited schedule time—has perhaps been the salvation of the British film industry.

The quota has called into being a number of minor studios, where scenario writers, continuity experts, and dialogue writers, directors, art directors, camera-men, and so on have graduated in their business. There were never so many British "efficients" available as there are to-day. Then, of course, there is the courageous band who have thrown all their energies and millions of money into the battle for British talkies.

One cannot mention everyone, but special salute must be made to Gaumont-British. They have not only broken into the American market; they have smashed into it. *Chu Chin Chow* is far from being the best thing they have done, but it is packing the largest theatre in New York. President Roosevelt attended the private show, and the New York *Film Daily* hails it as "easily the biggest thing of its class that has ever come from England."

It has long been the dictum of Will Hay, the American film "dictator," that trade follows the film. And it is a fact that, apart from the immense sums of money sunk in American films, the travellers of big American industrial concerns followed certain films round the world to get orders for the furniture, fittings, and so on, which the films displayed. It may be some time before we reach that state of intensive canvassing, but there is no reason why films should not become a key industry in this country as it is—or was—in the United States.

Already—and that within a year—there has been an enormous advance, especially in regard to studios. The Associated British Pictures Corporation, Ltd., combined with Associated British Cinemas, Ltd., made £180,000 more profit this year than they did last. Twickenham Film Studios have doubled their capacity and are now building a third sound stage. London Films are planning a studio to cost £300,000.

On the renting side, British films are already turning over money in the States. British films, indeed, are actually being booked in the United States before they are made. But perhaps the most significant of all in this "drift to London" business is the fact that United Artists and Universal have established new companies in London to handle their foreign export trade.

Everything, indeed, looks particularly healthy, and there are plenty of good films "made in England" on the way. Yes, there is no doubt that the film industry of this country is in for a "boom," and perhaps not much doubt that with an effort London might be made the centre of the film world.

But the most interesting phase in the future will be to watch the development of the "international" school and the purely British school. Will the latter be able to maintain its national character? Or will the pooling in London of so many continental and American resources result in the production of films of international appeal which will go forth as British products though so many countries have contributed to their making?

Whatever happens, there is little doubt that London will replace Hollywood. And when it controls the product, British views may predominate in its councils. That is the goal.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS IT APPEARED IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, reconstructed in almost every detail for one of the settings in *The Iron Duke*

A NEW HISTORICAL PICTURE: Frank Cellier as Sir Murray Keith, the British Ambassador to the Court of Denmark, in the Teoplitz Production, *The Dictator*, which is to be presented at the Tivoli on February 7. The film deals with the dramatic life of Dr. Johann Struensee, the obscure physician who in 1768 rose to be the leading power in Denmark and sought to free the country from Russian influence

STILLS of the STARS

In Films Made and in the Making

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE: Virginia Bruce as Jenny Lind, the celebrated soprano singer, in *The Mighty Barnum*, the film dealing with the life of the great American showman of stars, freaks, and stunts, which is now running at the London Pavilion. The picture has had a somewhat mixed reception, and has been criticised for being too episodic and for the manner in which it belittles Barnum

A RECRUIT TO BRITISH PICTURES: Blue-eyed, auburn-haired Fay Wray, the Hollywood star and player of "frightened-heroine" parts, who is Jack Hulbert's leading lady in *Alias Bulldog Drummond*, the new comedy thriller which Gaumont-British are now producing. She is a Canadian by birth, and was given her first big chance by Erick von Stroheim in 1928

POLISHED ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CARLTON: Fred Astaire (above) and Ginger Rogers (right) who share the honours in *Gay Divorce*—the screen version of the stage show of the same name which had such a successful run in London a short while ago. Mr. Astaire, whose dancing is delighting American audiences as much as it does those in England, recently signed with Radio Pictures one of the longest contracts ever given to a film star

PRESERVING ENGLAND'S OLD WINDMILLS

What the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings Is Doing

AS IT WAS: A water-colour, which is now in the National Gallery of Scotland, and which was probably painted about 1830, showing the mill at Halnaker, Sussex, which has recently been restored by Mr. Rex Wailes. The tower was actually much more squat than the artist made it appear, and in several other ways the subject was idealized

AS IT IS: A view of the Halnaker Mill after it had been restored for Sir William Bird, of Eartham, as a memorial to his wife

Courtesy Embleton's of Jermyn Street

PICTURESQUE RELICS OF A MORE LEISURELY AGE: A study by John Crome, the great landscape painter, showing two mills on the East Coast. The more up-to-date factory in the distance was probably the reason for their dilapidated condition

THE OLD MILL AT HENDON IN 1818: A water colour by George Harley, a nineteenth-century artist who painted many London scenes. This example of his art is now on exhibition at Walker's Galleries

Walker's Galleries

IN THE STYLE OF A MASTER: A windmill scene by Henry Bright, an East Anglian water-colourist who was greatly influenced by John Crome

Walker's Galleries

BATTERED BY THE ELEMENTS: The mill on Barnes Common as it appeared after a violent storm on October 15, 1780. A picture by E. Edwards, A.R.A. (1738–1806)

As there is such widespread interest in English windmills, and some of them are in such urgent need of repair, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has formed a separate section to deal with these picturesque landmarks. In a recent interview given to a correspondent of *The Times* Miss Lloyd, the hon. secretary of the new section, pointed out that the committee's main objects are to preserve old mills, to give financial help to keep them at work, to provide technical advice on their repair, and to complete a survey of English windmills so that a permanent record of them might be made and published. Windmills for which the Society is appealing at present are: Blackboys, Sussex; Herne Mill, Kent; Seaton Ross, Yorkshire; Thurston, Suffolk; Oldlands, Sussex; Jolesfield, Sussex; and Westleton, Sussex.

PLAYS and OPERA

Michael Egan Reveals a Gift for Comedy in "The Dominant Sex"—Cathleen Nesbitt makes an Excellent Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew"—Hullabaloo over "Humperdinck"

By PHILIP PAGE

CHRISTMAS pantomimes having settled down into prosperity at any rate until the children return to school, with certain other considerably less cheerful entertainments holding their own, new plays are scarce for the moment.

The past week or so has in the main been devoted to the troubles of married life, old and new, just by way of being seasonable. Matrimonial peace and goodwill, as pictured by Mr. William Shakespeare at Sadler's Wells and by Mr. Michael Egan at the Shaftesbury, have provided an amusing and even an edifying display of bad temper. William and Michael both show their stage belief in the efficacy of the he-man by letting the woman have the worst of it. Both balance matters, possibly due to a twinge of conscience, by making the man a cad.

William, as a product of a more robust age, makes him a hectoring and whip-cracking cad. Michael makes him administer one slap and then resume existence as a nasty little suburban cad. For I did not believe at all in that last-moment passion for farming. But I am anticipating.

"The Dominant Sex."—Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* having a longer history behind it than Mr. Egan's *The Dominant Sex*, which had only a short if successful existence at the Embassy Theatre before coming to Shaftesbury Avenue, let us give priority to the new-comer.

The author is, of course, an Irishman; just as the Irish players are born actors, he seems to have been born with a gift for comedy. He makes a smallish stock of comedy ideas go a long way with the result that there is much repetition. It is not vain repetition, for he manages to give a fresh twist to each situation and to season it with amusing remarks. Yet the squabbles of a newly-married couple, followed by reconciliation, followed by more squabbles and more reconciliations would seem interminable, and would be intolerable, had they been handled with less skill or without the sense of quiet fun which Mr. Egan fortunately possesses.

The butter has to be spread thin, sometimes to vanishing point. An entertaining play, which must certainly be seen, but which, none the less, would have been disastrous had it had another act. It stops at the right moment, as did Mr. Noel Coward's treatment of the same theme, "*Private Lives*," which was more flamboyant and had more wit but far less humour. Mr. Egan's couple did not roll over and over on the floor in their battles as did Mr. Coward's couple and as do a few hundred thousand other couples outside the Noelian circle and quite a number within it. They just argued about whether a wife should be economically independent and whether she should merely be a housekeeper and the bearer of babies, and why a husband should or shouldn't, I forget which, push a pram.

TRIANGLE: Dick Shale (Richard Bird), Angela Shale (Diana Churchill), and Alec Winstone (George Cross), in *The Dominant Sex*, the play by Michael Egan which has scored such a success at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Dick is an inventor, and Alec, the man whom he has chosen to finance an invention, happens to be an "old flame" of his wife, a circumstance which leads to serious complications

This husband was roused into using awfully naughty words about the infidelity of a neighbour's wife and he got awfully excited in the last scene when telephoning about buying a farm in a remote part of the country. His wife was dismayed at this, because she thought the utter tranquillity of it would drive her mad. I would therefore ask her, and Mr. Egan, if they have ever stayed, even for a single night, at a farm-house, remote or non-remote, and if they have found it quiet.

Mr. Richard Bird played the husband with plenty of ease and assurance, though with too frequent use of what I venture to call a comedy-conscious voice. A good performance. Miss Diana Churchill, the wife, I thought wholly excellent. In spite of laryngitis, against which she struggled heroically, she went far towards keeping the whole play together.

It is interesting to watch her in a long scene with a "property" baby—if there was any sort of baby in that odd cocoon of white shawls. Almost any actress, even a very bad one, can bring an audience to the verge of sobs by a display of melodramatic emotion over the aforesaid bundle, (*a*) if she is about to be torn for ever from that bundle, or (*b*) if that bundle is supposed to be dead. But it takes brains—and a little something else—to extract delicate comedy from such bundles, to make maternally affectionate but imbecile noises at them for a long time, and to keep the audience not only in the theatre but amused. One day, perhaps, I will write a master-work on the Place of the Baby in the Drama; but without reference to our nursery school of young dramatists.

The Dominant Sex is fortunate in having an admirable cast, that sterling and experienced actor, Mr. Townshend Whitling standing out by reason of a particularly clever piece of work.

BICKERINGS IN THE BAYSWATER FLAT: Dick Shale and his wife fail to see eye to eye. She wants to take the financier's offer of a certain income, he wants to take a chance with the hope of making an immense fortune. Another scene from *The Dominant Sex*

"The Taming of the Shrew."—I had not seen *The Taming of the Shrew* since I endured, some years ago, an appalling travesty of it in film form. In that, I remember, Miss Mary Pickford showed at the close either that she had missed the play's entire point or was deliberately making nonsense of it by, at the end of the beautiful "I marvel that you women are so simple" speech, winking in the fashion usually described as "knowing."

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, the Katharine of the Sadler's Wells production, I do not remember ever having played the type of part which by any stretch of imaginative absurdity could have entitled her to achieve the sobriquet of "the world's sweetheart." She has for some years been accustomed to depict, extraordinarily well, attractive if acidulated spinsters and wives who are epigrammatic and well-dressed, but slightly unpleasant. In one successful play she was most striking as a lady who could be termed a universal sweetheart only in the shockingly unsentimental sense of being accustomed to sell her body and soul to any bidder in order to keep them together. In spite of that, or perhaps because of it, Miss Nesbitt was one of the best Katharines I have ever seen. She alone is in the class of Miss Lily Brayton. And not so very unsympathetic after all. If Katharine was a shrew, Petruchio was a sort of Shakespearean gangster.

This play is immortal for a variety of reasons, but humour is not one of them. If it ever was, here is yet another proof of how humour changes through the ages. The clowning in the induction, which is wisely retained, is the nearest approach to it. This was made memorable by Mr. Andrew Leigh as Christopher Sly. Mr. Maurice Evans is not, by his personality, a swashbuckling sort of fellow, and I would have said that Petruchio was hardly his line of country. He is, however (being a first-rate young actor) a good deal more than adequate. Mr. Ffolkes's designs are good, if on the precious side. Mr. Abram Sofaer (Gremio) and Mr. Morland Graham (Grumio) are also good. And Miss Vivienne Bennett is pretty and alluring enough to have a sister named Constance, which, for aught I know, she may have.

To Be or Not to—B.B.C.—The row, patter, and hullabaloo over a recent wireless maltreatment of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, with Sir Thomas Beecham as *generalissimo* of the attacking forces, has caused opera to be discussed. That at least is something. I happened to listen to the performance in question, and being as great an admirer of *Hansel and Gretel* as I am of Sir Thomas, endorse everything he said in condemnation of it.

Not only was it excruciatingly bad from the musical point of view—not that much music remained after that score had been left hacked and bleeding—but must, I imagine, have seemed to children (for whom it was said to be intended) as lamentable as it did to me. I doubt, indeed, whether any children, unless they are monsters of precocity, care a tinker's cuss about this or any opera. They like, of course, the story of Hansel and Gretel lost in a wood and the nasty old witch and the gingerbread house and so on. But that has really nothing to do with *Hansel and Gretel*, which is Humperdinck, beautiful and most elaborate, *et toujours* Humperdinck. If the story is to be made into a treat for children, let some composer of a childish type (there are plenty) come along with a new musical version, and let Mr. A. A. Milne in his Winnie-the-Pooest mood write some lyrics for it. To chop up Humperdinck with dialogue and urbane and schoolmasterly explanations in genteel B.B.C.-ish tones is a vandalistic horror. The B.B.C., must either perform operas as the composers wrote them, or leave them alone altogether.

This opera-made-easy policy exasperates opera-lovers. And those who are not interested in opera, which would bore them in whatever fashion it is presented, do not enter into the matter at all.

ELECTRICAL PHE

A Pictorial Record of the New Year

WITH HAND ON CHIN YOUTH LISTENS TO PROF. BRAGG ELUCIDATING THE MYSTERIES OF ELECTRICITY: A scene in the theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, during one of the lectures to juveniles

The clock strikes the hour of three in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, and in walks Prof. W. L. Bragg, Longworthy Professor of Physics, Manchester. In front of him and in fact lapping round him are tier upon tier of intensely expectant school boys and girls. They occupy the seats of honour so that nothing shall come between them and the full enjoyment of the experiments. In the dim background one can perceive many adult faces; they belong to fathers and uncles who have discreetly approached these New Year lectures in the hope of gaining an insight into a subject with which perhaps they do not in any way come in contact in their ordinary pursuits.

HOW ONE CAN SKETCH WITH AN ELECTRICAL POINT ON A SPECIALLY PREPARED SHEET: A piece of cloth is pasted on to a metal sheet with starch paste containing potassium iodide. If the negative pole of the battery is connected to the sheet and a wire from the positive pole is held to the cloth a violet line is produced

It is, indeed, a family affair this afternoon, for there is Sir William Bragg, resident director of the Royal Institution and father of the lecturer, beaming down on the assembly of children and the strange apparatus which is to show forth some wonder of electricity. For that is the professor's subject, and the title of his lecture is, "What is Electricity?" He proceeds to show us by a number of experiments what electricity can do,

PRODUCING AN INTENSE ELECTRICAL CURRENT WHICH BURNS AN IRON NAIL: A few turns of thick copper wire are wrapped round the transformer and joined by a nail. A small alternating current in the inner winding of the transformer makes so large a current flow through the nail that it melts

MAKING AN ELECTRICAL CURRENT PRODUCE ROTARY ACTION: Wires, co connecting wires joined at three points (two of these are to be seen, th is connected in turn to the positive pole of a battery, the compass pro

and does not propound a solution to his own question. That we perceive later is a cunning device to keep our expectations alive, for at the second lecture we do arrive at a definition—the words given at the head of this page.

Electricity is not a thing in itself but a way in which things behave—on that text we go in search of the things which electricity can do, and at the same time seek to acquire an "electrical sense," a useful

ENOMENA DEMONSTRATED TO THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY

Lectures for Children Delivered by Professor W. L. Bragg at the Royal Institution—He Explains How Electricity is Not a Thing in Itself but a Way Things Behave

acquisition, for in Nature there are no ready-made means of studying an electrical current, and the discharge of static electricity in the lightning flash is a dangerous fellow to handle. We hear of the current forcing busy little electrons along a copper wire—a steady flow of them in a direct current—and actually see on the screen the "flame" passing between the two carbons of an arc lamp, and what is still more intriguing, see the flame deflected to right or left by a magnet. We are always coming up against this close friendship or relationship of electricity to magnetism. We see it in the "three-phase" experiment produce rotary motion. We see a free current floating in a bowl compelled to move by the mysterious influence of a magnet. We have seen light and motion produced by these busy little electrons; by making an alternating current get busy through a conductor of sufficient resistance we see heat produced—the heat in one experiment burns an iron nail.

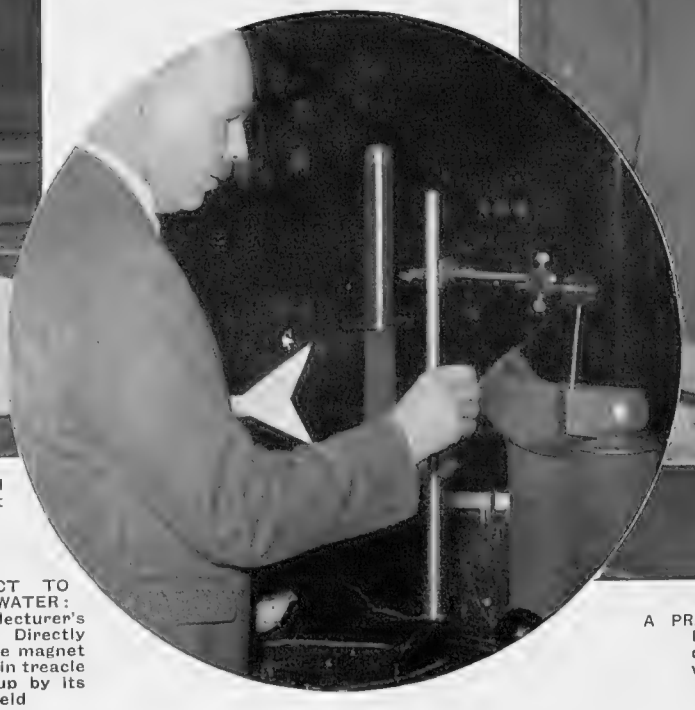
Then when all seems clear we have to face another "mystery," in the antique sense of the word. Electricity can be conveyed by "induction" as well as "conduction," a tremendous discovery which would take pages of space to describe. But we see an "induced" current actually at work, and perhaps least known to many of us, electrical "eddies" become evident to us—horrid things to be avoided generally, but harnessed usefully in the household meter.

(This exclusive camera interview with Professor Bragg was specially obtained for "The Sphere" by William Davis)

AN ELECTRIFIED COIL HAS TO SUBJECT ITSELF TO MAGNETIC ATTRACTION AND REPULSION: The coil is mounted on a cork float in a basin of weak acid. Copper and zinc plates beneath the float make a battery which drives current through the coil. If the current in the big magnet is reversed the coil floats away, turns itself round, and returns to embrace the magnet again in an apparently intelligent way

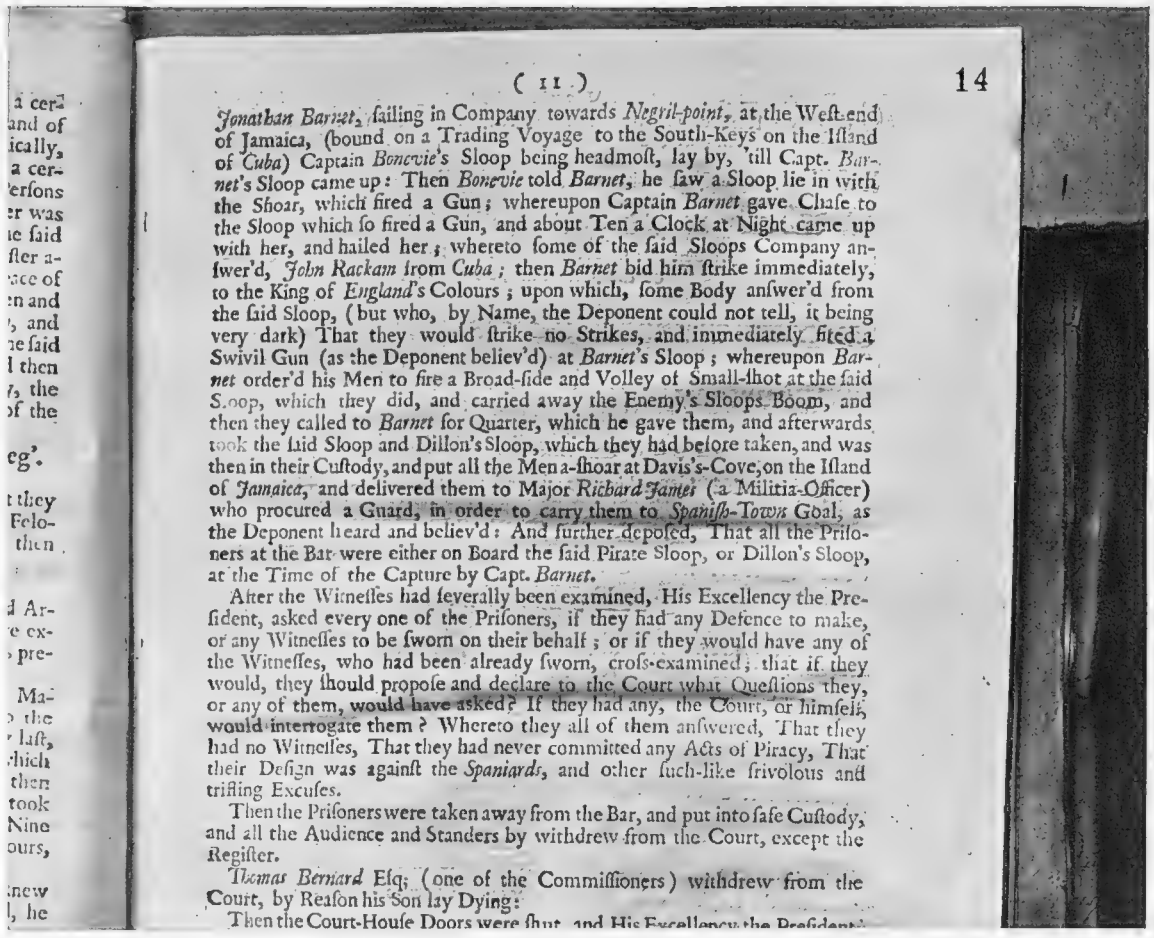
THE "MYSTERY" OF INDUCTION MADE EVIDENT: An alternating electric current is running in the lower coil. It induces a sympathetic current in the upper coil which lights the lamp, although the upper coil is quite separate

coiled round an iron ring, and the picture). When each point row swings round towards it



On right — CURRENT SUBJECT TO EDDIES LIKE THOSE IN AIR OR WATER: The piece of copper held in the lecturer's hand can swing quite freely. Directly the current is switched on in the magnet the copper appears to be moving in treacle owing to "eddy currents" set up by its motion in the magnetic field

A PRACTICAL USE FOR THE OTHERWISE TROUBLESOME EDDY CURRENTS: This model is used to explain the measurement of current consumption by the meters in our houses. The disc turns round when we use current and its rotations are counted by dials, like the mileage record on a car speedometer



(11) 14

Jonathan Barnet, ſailing in Company towards *Negril-point*, at the Weſt-end of Jamaica, (bound on a Trading Voyage to the South-Keys on the Iſland of *Cuba*) Captain *Bonevie's* Sloop being headmoſt, lay by, 'till Capt. *Barnet's* Sloop came up: Then *Bonevie* told *Barnet*, he ſaw a Sloop lie in with the Shoar, which fired a Gun; whereupon Captain *Barnet* gave Chaſe to the Sloop which ſo fired a Gun, and about Ten a Clock at Night came up with her, and hailed her; whereto ſome of the ſaid Sloops Company anſwer'd, *John Rackam* from *Cuba*; then *Barnet* bid him ſtrike immediately, to the King of *England's* Colours; upon which, ſome Body anſwer'd from the ſaid Sloop, (but who, by Name, the Deponent could not tell, it being very dark) That they would ſtrike no Strikes, and immediately fired a Swivil Gun (as the Deponent believ'd) at *Barnet's* Sloop; whereupon *Barnet* order'd his Men to fire a Broad-ſide and Volley of Small-ſhot at the ſaid Sloop, which they did, and carried away the Enemy's Sloops Boom, and then they called to *Barnet* for Quarter, which he gave them, and afterwards took the ſaid Sloop and Dillon's Sloop, which they had before taken, and was then in their Cuſtody, and put all the Men a-ſhoar at Davis's-Cove, on the Iſland of *Jamaica*, and delivered them to Major *Richard James* (a Militia-Officer) who procured a Guard, in order to carry them to *Spaniſh-Town* Goal, as the Deponent heard and believ'd: And further depoſed, That all the Priſoners at the Bar were either on Board the ſaid Pirate Sloop, or Dillon's Sloop, at the Time of the Capture by Capt. *Barnet*.

After the Witneſſes had ſeverally been examined, His Excellency the Preſident, asked every one of the Priſoners, if they had any Defence to make, or any Witneſſes to be ſworn on their behalf; or if they would have any of the Witneſſes, who had been already ſworn, croſs-examined; that if they would, they ſhould propoſe and declare to the Court what Queſtions they, or any of them, would have asked? If they had any, the Court, or himſelf, would interrogate them? Whereto they all of them anſwered, That they had no Witneſſes, That they had never committed any Acts of Piracy, That their Deſign was againſt the *Spaniards*, and other ſuch-like frivolous and trifling Excuſes.

Then the Priſoners were taken away from the Bar, and put into ſafe Cuſtody, and all the Audience and Standers by withdrew from the Court, except the Regiſter.

Thomas Bernard Eſq; (one of the Commiſſioners) withdrew from the Court, by Reaſon his Son lay Dying:

Then the Court-Houſe Doors were ſhut, and His Excellency the Preſident

PRESERVED IN THE RECORD OFFICE, CHANCERY LANE: A page from the printed archives of the Jamaica Court relating to the capture of Captain John Rackam, the notorious eighteenth-century pirate, and his associates

THE LAST FIGHT OF CALICO JACK

Mary Read's Pirate Captain Calls for Quarter, and He and His Ship's Company are Taken into Custody

Readers of THE SPHERE will remember that in recent issues we have given particulars with regard to the actual history of Mary Read, the woman pirate, the heroine of the stirring play at His Majesty's Theatre. One of the final scenes in Mr. Bridie's play shows the pirates putting up a desperate resistance to a naval vessel which is approaching them. Just before the curtain falls, Mary Read herself touches off a gun in open defiance of authority, while Captain Rackam, otherwise Calico Jack, cowers on his knees on the opposite side of the ship. A further search among the documents at the Public Records Office in Chancery Lane reveals the fact that this actual moment is recorded in the evidence given before Sir Nicholas Lawes at the trial of Rackam and his piratical associates. On this particular evening in 1720, when Rackam and Mary Read fought their last fight, Captain Jonathan Barnet, in command of the naval vessel patrolling Jamaican waters, was sailing in company with Captain Bonevie's sloop. This vessel got ahead of the naval craft but she evidently saw something which aroused her suspicions and she lay to until Captain Barnet's sloop came up. Bonevie then informed Captain Barnet that he had seen a sloop which lay in near the shore and which had fired a gun. Captain Barnet at once gave chase to the sloop "which so fired a gun, and about Ten a Clock at Night came up with her, and hailed her; whereto some of the said Sloops Company answer'd, John Rackam from Cuba; then Barnet bid him strike immediately to the King of England's Colours; upon which, some Body answer'd from the said Sloop (but who, by Name, the Deponent could not tell, it being very dark), That they would strike no Strikes." Whether this was the voice of Mary Read one cannot definitely say, but it seems very likely from its defiant tone to have been hers. Then the witness at the trial stated that a swivel gun was immediately fired, as the deponent believed, at Barnet's sloop. The naval captain then ordered his men to fire a broadside and a volley of small shot at the pirate vessel, which they did and carried away the boom of Rackam's ship. Then across the dark waters the pirates called for quarter which Captain Barnet gave them and took command of the vessel, which was then navigated in company with another pirate sloop which had already been taken, and all the arrested men were put ashore at Davis's Cove on the Island of Jamaica and delivered to Major Richard James, a Militia officer, who procured a guard who was to take them to Spanish-Town Jail.

BROUGHT TO LIFE: Charles Farrell as Dick Corner and Wilfrid Walter as Captain Rackam in *Mary Read*, the play by James Bridie and Claude Gurney, which has just passed its fiftieth performance at His Majesty's Theatre

SHALL MUSSOLINI DEVELOP ABYSSINIA?

(*Continued from p.* 50)

benighted sand-wastes of Tripoli, the adjacent Senussi land, in Eritrea and Somaliland, the Duce has looked longingly towards fertile Lake Chad and on to the Cameroons. Now, to-day, things are rather moving to a head with Mussolini. He is being hard-pressed by circumstance. The Duce has been over a dozen years firmly in the saddle. Even given the world depression, it is time that some more concrete and glorious benefits of the new régime shall manifest themselves.

Abyssinia.

Might not the French agree to a gradual Italian protectorate being introduced, did that mean a cessation of the Duce's glances in the direction of the vital Chad cross-roads; and if also were carried with it Rome's support of French policy vis-à-vis Nazi Germany? As for the second Great Power involved, Britain, she has freely backed up Fascist Italy, wants a general peace, for trading reasons, more urgently than any others, and might be amenable to the Italian scheme provided adequate guarantees were forthcoming that the waters of Lake Tana, in which rises the Blue Nile, shall never be diverted to the Danakil desert, or, for that matter, anywhere else.

To begin with, the Italian plan is to obtain the right to build and run a railway right through Abyssinia from the port of Massawa, in Eritrea, to that of Kismayu in Southern Italian Somaliland. With this authority would go part-ownership of the hitherto French-exploited line up from Jibuti (French Somaliland) to Addis Ababa. Such Italian rail criss-crossing would of course, imply eventual wide exploitation of the country, and the Negus is accordingly opposing with all mobilizable energy, while his envoys pursue their customary policy at Geneva, of offering to submit Abyssinian doleances to any and every organism that the League may boast. It is the League being tried out with a vengeance; and by "the League" I mean, of course, ourselves, our white and top-dog selves of the Great Powers.

How about it? Were there no League, without much doubt the Italians would be allowed to develop Abyssinnia, if only in view of the driving circumstances of the current European hour. What is going to happen, as there *is* a League? Is it possible for the Ethiopians to grant concessions to Rome without losing their independence?

What *is* likely is that we shall hear more and more about the Abyssinian-run slave trade across the Red Sea to Arabia. This horrid human traffic may be made the camouflage under which Italy would be given civilization's mission of "helping" Haill Silassie to clean up. Abyssinians are wont to raid neighbouring British, French, and Italian territory in rounding up their human cargoes, mostly young women, and much could be made of that. But civilization's mission would scarcely hide or blur the true inwardness of this whole Abyssinian business which, simply if cynically put, is: Should Mussolini be allowed to develop Abyssinia, if it bring vital peace elsewhere, or should he not, in view of League commitments, the breaking of which would be mere sheerest hypocrisy? It is a nice point, and opinions will probably vary.

An Enlightened Ruler

In a recent artic'e Sheikh Hamed bin Isa Al Khalifah of the Bahrein Islands, who received the K.C.I.E. in the New Year's Honours List, was inadvertently spoken of as "the late Sheikh Hamed." The Sheikh was appointed Deputy Ruler of Bahrein in 1923 in place of his aged father, who it was that died two years ago after reigning sixty years. Sheikh Hamed has proved himself an enlightened and progressive ruler. He visited this country in 1925 to study western ideas and methods; and on his return he immediately saw to the making of artesian wells and good roads, two of the chief requirements of his people. He has devoted great attention to bettering the conditions of the pearl-divers, who form so large a section of his subjects, though he draws no direct revenue from the industry; instruction is even given in the schools concerning the regulations controlling the industry. With the transfer of the air-mail route to India to the western shore of the Persian Gulf, the Bahrein Islands have emerged from their previous obscurity and are now closely linked up with the other countries of the Empire.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It will be of interest to many readers to learn that the century-old National Society for the Protection of Young Girls (Princess Louise Home), instituted in 1835, whose Home at Kingston Hill has been closed, has amalgamated with The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. With the approval of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (President of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship), and of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, The Shaftesbury Home for Girls at Esher Place will henceforth be known as "Esher Place (Princess Louise Home)." Their Majesties the King and Queen have signified their interest in the amalgamation. Funds are most urgently needed for the maintenance, not only of the girls in this Home, but also for the boys in the Society's other Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

FASHION FORECAST

Caps with high peaked crowns will be worn this Spring, and taffeta will be a favourite choice. This delightfully gay cap and the scarf, which is tied in a huge bow, are made in plaid taffeta in green and orange and yellow

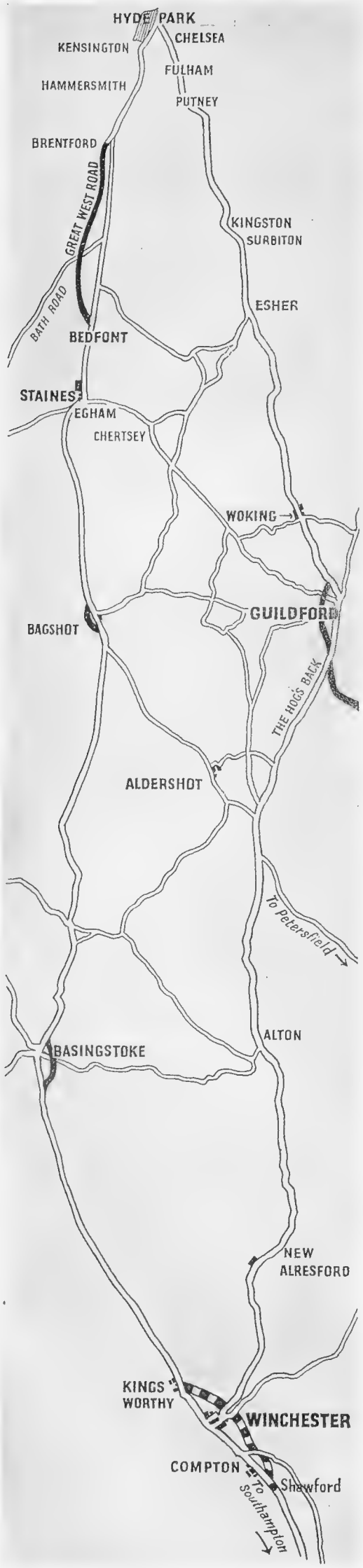
If you do not like high crowns, here, on the right, is Suzy's shallow black hat with a romantic plume emphasising the dip in the curled brim. This is the type of hat that we shall see on formal occasions

Peaked Crowns and Curled Brims

After a spell of high necks, very low ones have returned to favour. Alix makes this taffeta blouse in green, with a very narrow V neck and cleverly draped sleeves. Swathed closely about the waist, it has two long ends in front

At the head of the page is a capacious black antelope bag with a heavy gold chain. The belt is of mother-o'-pearl, bound with silk strands, and the bracelet, clip, and buckle are of gold

The exquisitely-draped neckline and bow clip are interesting features of the black crêpe marocain frock on the right. Made by Philippe et Gaston, it has full sleeves and a slenderly simple skirt



A TRAFFIC-FREE ROUTE TO THE SOUTH: A map showing the chain of by-passes (in black) which have been laid down in order to give the motorist a clear run from London to Southampton and the West and avoid many areas of congestion. Work is about to begin on another link which will by-pass Winchester and free the narrow old-world streets of the city from the endless procession of vehicles on their way to and from the coast. This new road will cost £360,000

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Strange as it may appear the majority of motor manufacturers are still quite unhelpful where the owners of their cars are having difficulties with their wireless equipment. The problems which confronted the makers of wireless sets in order to induce the latter to perform satisfactorily on a motor car must have been immense, because the modern car radio is really a thoroughly efficient and reliable piece of equipment. When one remembers the number of electrical accessories there are on an average motor car one must appreciate the clever way that the radio makers have made provision that their sets shall not be interfered with electrically by the car. The car radio is also subjected to shock, and has to perform its functions when being jolted about and moved swiftly over the face of the earth. As I said before, in spite of these difficulties car radio sets made by well-known makers really do their stuff and keep on doing it. I wish car manufacturers would appreciate that fact, and have enough vision to see that within years, if not months, the public will refuse to buy a car unless it is fitted with radio.

I have found from personal experience that a thoroughly satisfactory radio set can give most disappointing results because its installation in a particular car has suddenly presented problems which have not been properly solved by those who fitted the set. That such problems should arise is not surprising because when the car is bought no provision has been made for the fitting of this modern item of equipment. I seriously suggest that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders should approach the radio manufacturers' representative body and appoint a joint-committee to investigate the difficulties of fitting car radio and to make suggestions one to the other as to how proper provision can be made in the future for radio sets to be built into the complete car before it is delivered into the hands of the private owner.

A NOTABLE APPOINTMENT: The directorate of Wolseley Motors (1927), Ltd., has been strengthened by the appointment of Mr. W. M. W. Thomas as General Manager. Till recently Mr. Thomas was General Manager of Morris Commercial Cars, Ltd., in Birmingham.

There is a tremendous lot to learn; for instance on my own car my radio set was connected up to two aerials, one underneath each running-board. As previously mentioned in these columns I was troubled with a crackling noise which formed a most annoying background, except when I applied the foot-brake. I was a victim of the same trouble on my previous car which was fitted with aerials in the same places. It was obviously not the fault of the radio set as my latest set was a completely new model. Various suggestions were made as to the cause of this trouble, but the most likely was that submitted to me by a reader of THE SPHERE in Australia. He sent me a cutting from an American radio paper and in this cutting the trouble was put down to static charges from the front wheels.

An illustration was also produced giving details of a fitment which should eradicate the noises. Philco, the makers of my radio set, also received from America details of the same remedy. I am thankful to say that I have at last banished my trouble but quite by accident. A friend of mine, whose Riley was also fitted with a Philco, came to my home one evening and we compared results from our sets with the cars side by side. He won handsomely, and then I asked him what aerial he was using. To my amazement he told me that it consisted of a piece of ordinary rabbit wire netting stretched in a rough wooden frame and placed underneath the chassis. Hurriedly I imitated him and immediately the results were at least twice as good and the dreadful crackling noises had disappeared.

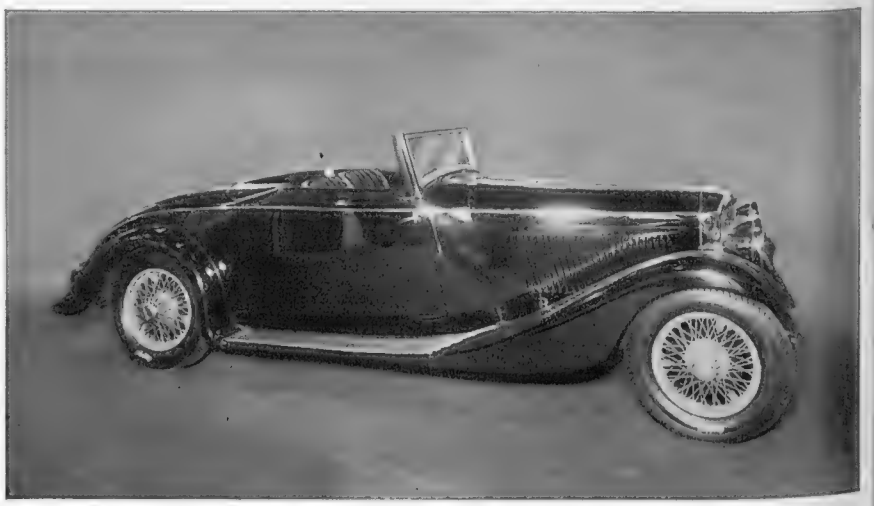
The latter happy result is easily explained by the fact that as the aerial is so much more efficient than the previous one the volume control has not to be turned round so far with the result that the crackling noises are not boosted up sufficiently to make them audible. With this new aerial the Philco is really remarkable. Its selectivity is amazing and its abilities to get in distant Continental stations at audible strength are most satisfactory. Considering its very low price, its extreme ease of fitting, I wonder that more car owners do not instal them. My experience tells me that the wireless does not in any way make me a more dangerous driver; in fact, the only effect it has is to make me go considerably slower than I would otherwise. Listening to it is not nearly so boring or so uninteresting as hearing the cackle of one's passengers.

With the coming of the New Year motorists find themselves closer to more restrictive legislation. That which appears the nearest is the institution of driving tests. My own view, which I have ventilated on more than one occasion, is that these examinations will not decrease the lamentable loss of life and injury to limb which continually take place on the road. A new army of officials is now in the process of formation and no doubt those appointed will be glad of the job. It is indeed true to say "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The inauguration of these driving examinations has taken an unholy long time, one result of which is that people who have been driving for anything up to twelve months will suddenly find next April that they will have to submit themselves to a test which is simple for anyone who has had charge of a car for such a length of time.

I really do submit that if possible a test should only be undertaken by completely new drivers. Anyone undergoing an examination has always my sincere sympathy, for I am sure that many are like me, who always forget every scrap of knowledge when confronted with an examiner. I well remember being submitted to a test of driving a lorry prior to obtaining my commission as an officer in the mechanical transport during the War. My examiner was none other than the Earl of Macclesfield, who was certainly the kindliest person ever placed in such a position, yet when he came beside me on the driving seat I almost was unable to differentiate between the brake and clutch pedals. I had been driving for at least ten years previous to that occasion and my record was certainly not such as would lead anyone to believe that I could make a thorough mess of handling an Albion lorry.

My examiner realized the position, and I must say gave me every help so that he could pass me through. Many of the applicants for driving licences will, I am sure, be equally stupid when they are asked to demonstrate their driving ability in front of a Government official. From the particulars already issued it would seem that the applicant has to produce the necessary motor car, and I am wondering what effect this will have on the motor trade of the country, for it is difficult to imagine a sensible man buying his car and taking delivery before he is certain whether he will be permitted to drive it. Then again I see nothing to prevent an applicant who has failed with one examiner trying another similar official and in a different part of the country. Some are bound to be more lenient in the interpretation of the tests than others, and I can see quite clearly those who build up a reputation for passing through practically all their applicants will be besieged by those who get ploughed in their examination in other districts not so fortunately staffed.

Whilst I have a little space still at my disposal I would like to say a word about the dimming of head-lights at night. I find an uncomfortable number of cars have their lamps fitted so that when the driver desires to dim the effect is merely to extinguish the off-side lamp and leave the near-side lit as before. Conceivably the scientific result is to decrease the dazzle, but in actual practice the dazzle remains undiminished. I hope no manufacturers are still fitting lamps in this manner. Then again I would like to strike a note of warning to the inexperienced driver. My advice to him is never to dim his lamps unless he is absolutely certain that there is nothing on the road ahead in his path. It is far wiser and better to be thought a cad and to inconvenience an oncoming driver, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, comes to no harm by being dazzled, than to be courteous by dipping one's head-lamps and almost immediately afterwards running into and injuring a cyclist.



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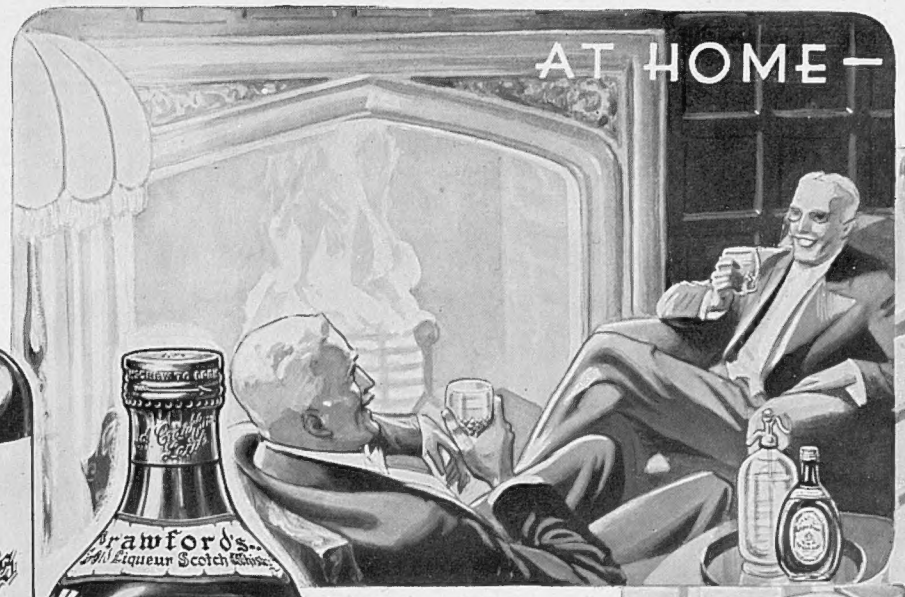

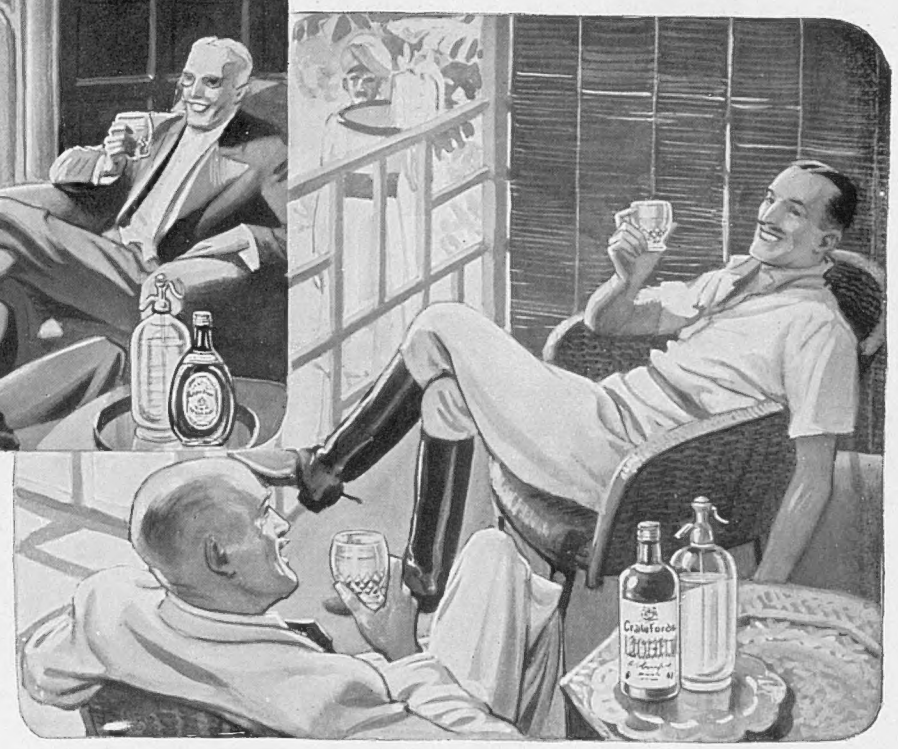

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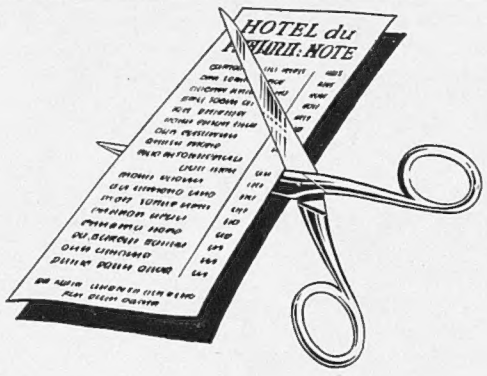

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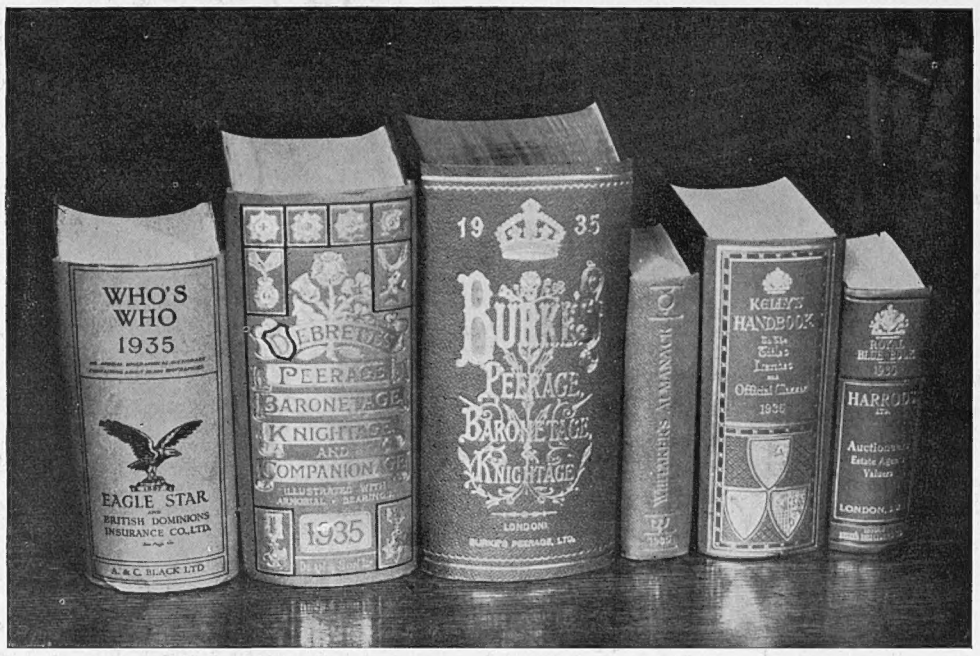

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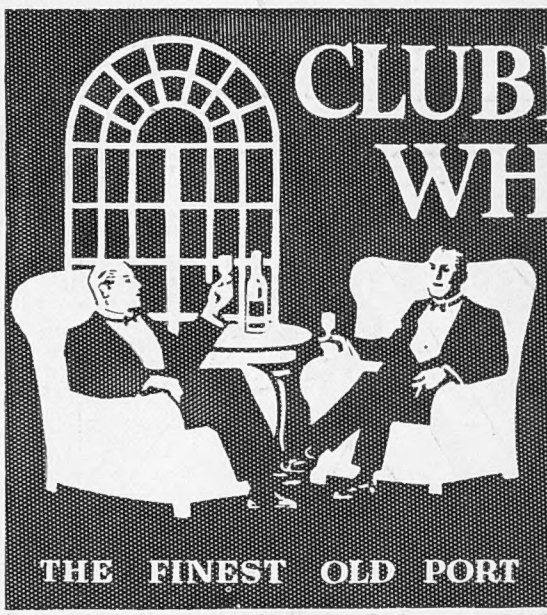

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